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LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
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NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

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THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, mediating between Greece and Bulgaria, is in a fair way to stop a promising young war. Border raids have occurred before; sometimes they have led to wars and sometimes not. In this instance Bulgaria appealed to the League, and Greece reluctantly accepted its intervention. The League will have difficulty in determining who fired the first gun; we may, in fact, never know what truth lies in the mess of contradictory assertions made by the spokesmen of the two governments. But the League will, we do not doubt, force these two unruly little peoples to keep the peace, and in so far as it brings the weight of European authority to bear upon their dispute it fulfils its destiny and justifies its existence.

GREECE IS LITTLE, but France is big. Furthermore, France is not fighting a member of the League like Bulgaria, but a ward of the League, Syria. "The well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization," says the Covenant of the League. And it continues:

> Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory.

All Syria, apparently, is aflame against the French methods of rendering "administrative advice and assistance." A rigid censorship has suppressed the details. We know that France has lost 6,626 men (mostly colonial troops) killed, wounded, and missing in suppressing the revolt of the Jebel Druses. Now the further news leaks out that the uprising has spread to Damascus. Neighboring villages had harbored Druse rebels; the French, in retaliation, gave their Circassian troops permission to plunder these places. They plundered—and killed as they went. And the villages rose, and the Moslem quarters of Damascus rose with them. Of the uprising we have no direct news, but of the suppression we learn more. Artillery and airplanes bombarded the rebellious districts; fires raged unchecked; 4,000 Moslems were killed—and on top of that the French demanded of the natives a fine of 100,000 gold pounds and 3,000 rifles, under penalty of renewal of the bombardment. Thus they execute, as agents of the League, the "sacred trust of civilization."

IF THE LEAGUE MEASURED UP to its job it would order France out of Syria at once. This is not rendering advice and assistance; it is expressing the brute force of modern imperialism and using the humanitarian cloak of the League to disguise the rottenness. France should never have been allowed in Syria; when the League gave her the mandate, against the Syrian will, it made itself a tool for fulfilment of the sordid bargaining of the war-time secret treaties. Let the men who see in the League the panacea for the world's ills have the courage of their convictions; let them turn from Bulgaria and Greece to demand that the League act to stop this murderous war carried on by its agents in its name. That would, of course, hurt the prestige of France; but it would not hurt France. The French Cabinet might not have been forced to resign if it had saved the billions of francs a year which keep Syria crushed.

MR. MELLON and his well-to-do friends, aided and abetted by practically the entire metropolitan press of the country, are engaged in their annual effort to reduce the taxes of the rich under guise of lessening those of the poor. What Mr. Mellon and his coterie are after, of course, is to reduce the surtaxes and get rid of the federal inheritance levies. In order to obtain these concessions for the rich, the bait of general reductions is dangled before the public and played up in the newspapers. When Mr. Mellon's recent proposals to the Ways and Means Committee of the House were made public, for instance, the New York *Times* boldly presented them under a flaring head: "Treasury Asks Income-Tax Cuts for All." Obviously money is being spent like water in this effort to make rich men's exemptions seem like poor men's benefits. The average man is not readily interested in taxes, and when a petition is obtained for the abolition of federal inheritance taxes, bearing the signatures of the Governors of thirty-two States, it is evident that somebody has put up the money for an energetic and concerted campaign. Likewise with surtaxes. Big business is acutely interested in lower surtaxes; hence it is spending thousands of dollars to prove

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how advantageous they would be to the poor man. But the poor man, who is not directly concerned at all, has no one to argue his indirect but vital interest in a taxation policy based on common sense and social justice.

BEHIND MR. MELLON'S PLAN for lowering slightly the rate on small incomes is the naked and all-important proposal to slash the surtaxes by about one-half. He would have them vary from 1 per cent on $12,000 up to 20 per cent on $150,000 or more, instead of at the present rate of 1 per cent on $10,000 up to 40 per cent on $500,000 or more. In spite of all the newspaper palaver, a reduction in the lower classifications of the income tax is of almost no consequence, while a cut in the surtaxes (which is being kept well in the background) is of vast fiscal and social import. The fact is that the poor man doesn't pay income taxes at all. The number of persons who make returns is about 7,000,000, or only a sixth of the total wage-earners. To those who pay small income taxes the exact amount is of trifling importance, although the newspapers would represent it as the all-absorbing question of the year. In 1922, to give exact figures, 6,787,481 persons made income-tax returns. Of this number 4,601,079 paid on *net incomes* of $3,000 or less, and they paid only $47,810,826 out of a total of $861,057,308. In other words, neither the poor nor those of medium income have any personal interest in income taxes. They pay their taxes in another way—*in the prices of the necessaries of life*. And Mr. Mellon and his well-to-do friends are not proposing to lessen these a jot or a tittle by lowering the tariff or curbing our outrageous industrial profiteering. Instead they are engaged in deceiving the public into believing that lower taxes for the rich will be the salvation of persons of small means.

SPEAKING OF SECRETARY MELLON reminds us that the Attorney General, Mr. Sargent, has declined to take any action in response to the unanimous demand of the Federal Trade Commission that the government proceed legally against the Aluminum Trust, of which Mr. Mellon is the chief owner. What would you? Could one member of the Cabinet be so discourteous and ungentlemanly as to set the machinery of justice at work against another? Perish the thought. Cabinets are not built that way, nor family loyalties. Furthermore, Mr. Coolidge's administration is committed to the principle that government shall not interfere with business. For that reason he has made over various commissions, supposedly including the Federal Trade Commission. Its outbreak was not at all according to Hoyle, and we have no doubt that, like his Attorney General, Mr. Coolidge will treat this recommendation with contemptuous silence. Nor do we believe that there is any truth in the Washington report that the President may order his Attorney General to run for Senator in Vermont in opposition to Senator Dale, with whom the Administration is at odds, thus removing Mr. Sargent from the field of criticism and bringing in a new Attorney General who could lay the blame on his predecessor. Mr. Coolidge is out to make his government the tool of big business, and we do not believe he cares who knows it or what anybody says.

AN ALMOST INCREDIBLY BAD APPOINTMENT to the United States Senate has been made by Governor Jackson of Indiana. He has paid some old political debts by sending to Washington Arthur R. Robinson, whose devotion to the Ku Klux Klan is his chief recommendation. Mr. Robinson is not a lawyer of high standing, nor has he to his credit any accomplishments in civil life that would warrant this great distinction being conferred upon him. He was, however, the right-hand man of Governor Jackson when the latter ran for the governorship last year. Both men are capitalizing their Klan alliance and their war records for political purposes. Not unnatural is the report that the Republican dovecotes in Indiana are tremendously fluttered. It was supposed that ex-Senator Beveridge would be Governor Jackson's choice; indeed, it is widely stated that Governor Jackson had given his word to this effect to a prominent Indiana newspaper-owner. The Robinson appointment may well spell turmoil in Indiana politics. It is inconceivable that the anti-Klan Republicans will permit his election next fall for the remainder of the late Senator Ralston's unexpired term. If, as is reported, the Democrats are planning to put into the field so high-grade a man as Evans Woollen of the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company of Indianapolis, they should have an excellent chance of purging the State of its present disgraceful Klan control.

THE NEW YORK MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN is dragging to its tedious conclusion without a ray of light save that afforded by Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, the only one who is saying anything worth while, the man who would be elected if candidates were chosen for their individual worth instead of party labels. Mr. Thomas has courage, vision, and understanding of principles; he has talked facts and issues. Mr. Waterman, manufacturer of excellent pens, has revealed abysmal ignorance of the real situation. He has even made the mistake of not giving to his campaign a flavor of the fusion which was successful in the past. As a campaigner he has, moreover, been able to thrill nobody. Doubtless he would make a conscientious mayor if elected, but he will be buried by his Tammany Hall rival, Senator Walker. The best that can be said of Mr. Walker is that he is better than Mayor Hylan, but being shrewder and abler he is the more dangerous. When he is elected the question of interest will be how much this ex-piano player in vaudeville will be the creature of "Al" Smith, and how much he will stand on his own feet. That the metropolis with its six millions of people should be reduced to the choice of Waterman or Walker—that is what it comes down to—demonstrates the abasement of civic government in America and should increase the demand for commission government in New York. Meanwhile it is a melancholy spectacle to see the New York *World* and many old-time reformers repeating the old appeal that Tammany is no longer what it used to be, but really a very nice organization.

GENERAL J. V. CHARTERIS, the former head of the British Intelligence Service who regaled the National Arts Club by telling how he invented the story that the Germans were boiling their dead for fats and fertilization, celebrated his departure from New York by adding what appears to be peace-time welshing to his war-time sins. At least his statement that his confidence was violated is contradicted by the reporter of the New York *Times* who wrote the story; in part by his own lecture manager; and by the president of the club. The general insisted, on leaving, that he had merely told the story to illustrate the point that only truth pays in propaganda! The excuse does not ring true. What propaganda was put forth by either side that was

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true? It certainly was not those horrible tales circulated by the Germans that the British and French were gouging out the eyes of German wounded or pouring molten lead into them. There was, of course, no scintilla of truth in the Allied allegations that the Germans cut off women's breasts and children's hands in Belgium. Even the lie that the Germans crucified a Canadian soldier was officially denied in the Canadian Parliament, after the war. No, the whole business of propaganda in war time is as foul and as dirty as any ever invented by man. And it is disgusting that a British general, caught in a bad fix because of his own foul acts and loose tongue, dares not face the music.

BRITISH TORYDOM is out to make a name for the British Communists: it has begun raiding them. There is nothing like a raid, a deportation, or a meeting broken up by the police to advertise little extremist groups, as American experience abundantly proves. One seldom hears of Communists in this country except when they are being jailed, excluded, or otherwise suppressed. Then they win sympathy. Mr. Joynson Hicks, the British Home Secretary, has been having "red scares" in all his recent public speeches, but no one paid much attention to them until he admitted a group of Liverpool gangsters to his special constabulary in order to protect the country against Reds. Now he has arrested eight Communist leaders and confiscated an edition of the *Workers' Weekly*. As a result Arthur Henderson, Jr., has volunteered to act as counsel for the Communists and some millions of stolid Britishers are curious to know what the Communists really wrote or said.

SO THE NOBLE Mr. Coolidge has refused to consider Ralph B. Strassburger's request that the Countess Karolyi be permitted to reenter this country to visit his family. What a chivalrous and manly government we have! It trembles before one brave, honest, and lovely woman. Were we the Countess we should feel flattered by the thought that our presence here might set the American Republic rocking on its foundations. Being Americans, we feel humiliation and disgust at this fresh stupidity of "Nervous Nellie," as our Secretary of State is correctly dubbed. It is another case in which men who by the accident of public life have been put into offices far beyond their abilities and deserts reveal their failure to understand the principles which lie at the bottom of the great American experiment.

"PROBABLY THE QUICKEST WAY to appreciate the power which the presence of (poison) gas has . . . is to picture the fear which a human being has of having his breathing interfered with by smothering or choking and the instinctive dread . . . of losing his vision." This quotation is taken not from an editorial denouncing the use of poison gas but from the instruction book of the Chemical Warfare Service of the United States Army. The little book is explicit on the kinds of gases, from the comparatively harmless tear-gas to "white phosphorus," the "burns" from which "are extremely severe on the body" and "exceedingly painful." Nor does the Chemical Warfare Service lose sight of the fact that poison gas is useful not only in war time but in time of peace, for the prompt dispersal of mobs and for rendering uninhabitable any given locality for the space of a week or so. A most versatile and obliging weapon, in short, and one adapted to all kinds and conditions of men—and even women and children, for they are included in this invaluable little book. Major General Fries, head of the Chemical Warfare Service, when taken to task for the document by *Collier's* and the New York *World*, replied with righteous indignation and an evident inability to see what all the fuss was about. Poison gas? said he. Why not? A humane and sensible method of getting rid of an inconvenience; far neater than drawing and quartering, the thumbscrew, the rack, the water-cure, and skinning alive. War is war, and peace, occasionally, is war also. "Any man, if he be honest," said the general, "cannot but decide with us that the world needs gas more than any other one thing to preserve law and order."

THE ORGANIZATION of a national committee of 100 to induce Congress to prohibit the inter-State traffic in revolvers, especially to bar them from the mails, is a step forward. There is no reason why the purchase of such deadly weapons should be so easy. Crime statistics show that 90 per cent of the murders that take place are committed by the use of the pistol, and every year there are hundreds of cases of accidental homicide because somebody did not know that his revolver was loaded. The existing situation is particularly hard upon those States like New York in which there is a law to prohibit the sale of pistols except upon the presentation of a license. The police chiefs of this State declare that the law, enforced here, is nullified by the ease with which people cross over into New Jersey or Connecticut and purchase weapons, or simply remit to any one of a large number of firms which advertise the sale of their weapons by mail. It will not be easy to draw a law that will permit exceptions for public officers and bank guards, but soon even these officials may get on without revolvers as do the London police.

GENERAL RAJA SIR HARI SINGH has been confirmed by the Government of India in the succession to the throne of the Jammu and Kashmir State. Thus the old gives way to the new. The late Maharaja, a Hindu of the old style, to whom religion was the chief goal of life, regarded Kashmir, "the home of the gods," as a trust for Hindus and Hinduism. He was hospitable to European visitors but hostile to their capital. He suffered none but Indians to own real property in his state; he allowed no foreign money to develop the resources of Kashmir; he prevented the building of a railroad there. His nephew, the new ruler, is his antithesis. Hari Singh, as English in his ways as his environment and meager education will permit, has always been expected to grant the British the concessions which his uncle denied. He owed to the Government of India his original nomination as heir, and the recent scandal in which he figured as "Mr. A." put him still more in the power of the British. His opponents petitioned the Government to withdraw the succession from this irreligious caste-violator and to bestow it upon the late Maharaja's adopted son and "spiritual heir." By treating this petition, supported as it was by certain Hindu princes, with more outward honor than it inwardly inspired, the British have made Hari Singh more conscious than ever of his dependence. It would not be in keeping with their past policy to neglect such an opportunity to exact special privileges from the new ruler. So Kashmir, important politically as a bulwark of India against Russia, valuable economically as the home of water-power and mineral wealth, will be "civilized" into the British Empire.

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Bread and Water

DESPITE all the agonizings of the trust-busters—all the Sherman laws and Clayton acts, all the snooperies of the Federal Trade Commission, and all the solemn moralizings of Mr. Hoover, Mr. Coolidge, and the massed cohorts of Rotary in favor of stalwart individualism—the control of American industry through the medium of corporate monopoly moves majestically onward. Athwart these laws and eternal principles it rides like a bull through a china shop. In the past few months we have noted the Nickel Plate railroad merger, the new billion-dollar consolidation in bituminous coal, and now Mr. Ward's four-hundred-million dollar bread combination, which in 157 factories from coast to coast will produce 5,500,000 loaves of bread a day.

Mr. Ward's coup is but the keystone in an arch which has been building steadily for a generation. It is a consolidation of three major consolidations—the Ward Baking Company, the Continental Baking Corporation, and the General Baking Company. Each of the three has snowballed up from combinations of small local bakeries. Mr. W. B. Ward has been the prime mover in the development of the first two, and now he has taken into camp his chief competitor—the General Baking Company—in the giant parent company recently incorporated in Baltimore to be known as the General Baking Corporation. The first member of the trinity operates 18 bakeries in 14 cities. Its profits were $2,800,000 in 1923, $4,300,000 in 1924, and are expected to reach $5,500,000 in 1925. The second member—the Continental—operates 104 bakeries in 82 cities in the United States and Canada. It earned $4,000,000 last year, and is expected to salt away $7,000,000 this year. But to the General Baking Company goes the prize. In 1916 its stock sold for $2 a share. Then came the war, which, with the limitation on wheat prices combined with no limitation on bread prices, proved a bonanza to the bakers. Their war profits were enormous. Returns of 200, 300, even 400 per cent were officially reported in Senate Document 259. The deflation of 1921 carried wheat down to pre-war levels, but the price of bread remained virtually unchanged. As a result of these happy circumstances the General Baking Company earned in 1922 117 per cent net on each share of its original common stock, and declared a 100 per cent stock dividend in January of that year, followed by a 200 per cent stock dividend in December. Thus Christmas found the stockholder who held one share at New Year's with six shares tucked away in his safe-deposit box. These shares were recently selling at close to $200 on the New York Stock Exchange, and in the Baltimore merger they are being turned in at the rate of $225 per share. Six times $225 is $1,350—so what was worth $2 in 1916 is worth $1,350 today!

In the first ten years of its existence the General Baking Company paid out $6,500,000 in interest and dividends on a property valued at a little above $3,000,000 at the time of its consolidation. It is the old and familiar story of capitalizing excess earning power. Preferred stock and bonds are issued to cover the valuation of the physical and tangible property. Common stock without a cent of real value behind it is broadcast on the speculative hope of extra profits by virtue of the consolidation. The hope is realized (the war being a leading factor in the current case), bond interest and preferred stock are paid, a nice slice is larded back into the business, and still some remains for dividends on the common stock. When the rate becomes fantastic, a stock dividend is declared. In order further to confuse the issue of the rate of return on the tangible property, some bright man invented no-par-value stock, which measures dividends in dollars per share, not in percentum rates at all. The General Baking Company has thus followed the usual method of corporate growth, with perhaps rather more than the usual length of snout in the trough.

So these three thriving youngsters are to combine into one happy family. According to the computations of Basil Manly of the People's Legislative Service, the consolidated balance sheet—with common stocks priced at marked quotations—will start its career with some $200,000,000 of water. That is, the net tangible assets are $200,000,000 *less* than the market values of the issued securities, which means that those logical forces which find expression on the stock exchange are firmly of the opinion that the price of bread in the immediate future, as measured against modern machine methods applied to the cost of producing the same, will result in a margin which will not only pay handsome returns on the tangible investment but handsome returns on a $200,000,000 section of water as well.

The spokesmen of the new combination allege with a fine flow of logic that there is and can be no question of monopoly. Hosts of small independent bakeries remain outside the combination, and if worst comes to worst the thrifty housewife can always bake at home. It is true that bread prices charged by the trust are roughly checked by the prices charged by independent bakeries, but costs of production in small inefficient local shops are always higher than those accumulated under machine quantity production. The trust has thus a bigger margin to play with, has immense reserves of capital behind it to throw from one local battlefront to another, and can readily eliminate and control the market. In modern apartment cliff dwellings, furthermore, home baking tends increasingly to become a lost art, and it would take incredibly high bread prices before uncounted matrons would consent to resume it—granting they had facilities for its resumption. In other words, while the monopoly is far from complete in theory, it should operate effectively for all practical purposes.

The final result is that the American consumer will pay about as much for his loaf of bread relative to the cost of living as he has paid in the past, while the trust absorbs every crumb of profit which modern machinery and scientific invention have made possible. Technical progress thus ceases to become a common human inheritance, but is astutely drained off into the pockets of those who, it is to be feared, do not know a British thermal unit from a monkey wrench.

In England they do it better. That is, the consumer does. There great cooperative bakeries have arisen, taking full advantage of technical invention and quantity production. Such turn out a sound loaf at manufacturing cost plus not above 6 per cent on tangible investment. The average price for a larger and more wholesome loaf than the ruling American one is now about five cents. Against the sea wall of such unsportsmanlike competition a bread trust can but dash its head in vain.

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Guilt by Association

FROM the time of her graduation from Wellesley Charlotte Anita Whitney has been one of those troublesome people who not only deny that we live in the best of all possible worlds but want to do something about it. As a social worker in California she helped abate gambling, bawdy-houses, and other evils. In the course of time she began to wonder whether the spoiling of people's lives was due altogether to their own private waywardness and perversity —to question the predominance of the profit motive in our law and living. She joined the Socialist Party.

The Russian Revolution inflamed the imaginations of the more vigorous members of the Socialist Party. Its Left Wing engaged enthusiastically in formulating new principles, but the center remained static and the party split into three pieces: a remnant still calling itself the Socialist Party, the Communist Party, and the Communist Labor Party.

Left Wing doctrines had made headway in Local Oakland, to which Anita Whitney belonged. Its delegates (she was not one) were among those who, ejected from a national convention of the Socialist Party, went to another hall and formed the Communist Labor Party. Cast out of the Socialist Party, Local Oakland sent delegates to a State convention at Oakland to decide upon a new State organization. At this convention Miss Whitney was a delegate. She offered and read a resolution in favor of "political action" (participation in elections) as a means of effecting radical social changes. Her resolution was voted down by a hot-head majority, which adopted instead the more Moscovian "industrial mass action" doctrine.

Earlier in 1919 the California Legislature had undertaken to mobilize for peace the minds of California by passing a criminal-syndicalism act. On the heels of the Oakland convention Miss Whitney was indicted for most of the kinds of criminal syndicalism therein specified.

For all but one of the counts in the indictment not even a California court could find support in the evidence. Miss Whitney clearly had not advocated criminal syndicalism, defined as any doctrine favorable to "the commission of crime, sabotage, or unlawful acts of force and violence or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing a change in industrial ownership or control, or effecting any political change," "by spoken or written words," "by publications," or "by personal acts and conduct." She had, however, attended the Oakland convention and she was a member of Local Oakland. And she was found guilty on a count charging that she did, feloniously, etc., "organize and assist in organizing, and was and is and knowingly became a member of an organization, society, group, and assemblage of persons organized and assembled to advocate, teach, aid, and abet criminal syndicalism." The California Court of Appeal sustained this conviction, certifying that it had considered and passed upon the contention that the section of the Criminal Syndicalism Act on which the conviction was based was repugnant to the Fourteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution.

This federal constitutional question is interesting and important. Briefly, it is this: does a statute which undertakes to establish "guilt by association" *arbitrarily*, and therefore "without due process of law," abridge personal liberty? Such a statute goes further than those which make it criminal to advocate a doctrine. Association with a group from which proscribed notions emanate does not necessarily involve participation in them. Such organizations may not, and usually do not, exist solely for the propagation of proscribed notions. Association with them may result from a general sympathy as to ultimate aspirations not within the statutory ban. One object of it may be to persuade the organization to promote those aspirations only by means which are not objectionable. The deprivation of personal liberty involved in a prohibition of association is greater even than that involved in a prohibition of free speech, and many whose last hope of liberal constitutional interpretation in favor of free speech had long since gone a-glimmering looked forward with an approach to confidence to an adjudication of the unconstitutionality of the guilt-by-association statutes.

Perhaps they may still look forward to such an adjudication in some other case. But on October 19 the Supreme Court of the United States disposed of the case of Anita Whitney with the curt memorandum: "Dismissed for want of jurisdiction upon the authority of Section 237 of the Judicial Code as amended by the Act of Sept. 6, 1916, ch. 448, sec. 2." The jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States is a fairly technical matter. But the Whitney case appeared clearly to present a question "of the validity of a statute of any State" under the federal Constitution—over which the Supreme Court's jurisdiction is by Section 237 expressly declared. Lawyers who are neither inexperienced nor naive with respect to the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court find the Whitney dismissal puzzling.*

After all, decisions, as Judge Hough has said, respond "to the demands of the times as understood by the judges at the time being." The learned judges did not find in their own desires or in the demands of the times a pressure to upset a statute establishing guilt by association.

To jail Miss Whitney must now go, unless the Governor of California should issue the pardon for which she declines to ask. Whatever her views, she is a woman of a high life and a noble spirit. The same may well be true, even though they are I. W. W.'s, of the seventy or more other present victims of the same California tyranny. But Miss Whitney's known character—and perhaps also the fact that she comes from a distinguished family—excites for her a special sympathy and commiseration. That, perhaps, is well. It may awaken people undisturbed by the imprisonment of I. W. W.'s to the fact that laws establishing guilt by mere association, constitutional or not, are more injurious in tendency than the doctrines they aim to suppress.

* The reference in the court's memorandum to the amendment of September 6, 1916, suggests that that amendment was deemed to cover the case. The amendment provides that a claim of infringement of constitutional right, as distinguished from a claim of the unconstitutionality of a statute, may be reviewed only by certiorari and not by writ of error—i. e., in practical effect, only by permission of the court and not as a matter of right. The distinction is not always easy. And the Supreme Court itself (e. g., in Truax v. Corrigan, 257 U. S. 312, holding unconstitutional the Arizona anti-injunction law) often falls short of verbal meticulousness with respect to it.

The Whitney case was taken up by writ of error. Eight of the ten points of the brief seem to go to the constitutionality of the statute. The other two points, involving infringements of constitutional rights irrespective of the validity of the statute, were perhaps not technically reviewable upon writ of error. It seems inconceivable, however, that the court should have dismissed the appeal for want of jurisdiction of those two points alone.

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Grammar *vs.* Idiom

ONE obvious purpose of the new-born magazine, *American Speech*, which begins this month to study in detail what Mr. Mencken has rather optimistically named "the American language," is to popularize the conviction that our language (be it English or American) is suffering from the attentions of its grammarians. The ordinary notion undoubtedly is that the grammarian is one who stands guard over his precious native tongue and periodically saves it from destruction by issuing new editions of a book of rules. The contrary notion, that he periodically deals it a kind of death, seems to be nearer the truth.

Long ago Noah Webster, who, as it happens, figures in two of the articles which make up the first number of the magazine, stoutly prophesied as follows:

> The time cannot be distant when the population of this vast country will throw off their leading-strings and walk in their own strength. . . . Numerous local causes, such as a new country, new associations of people, new combinations of ideas in arts and sciences, and some intercourse with tribes wholly unknown in Europe, will introduce new words into the American tongue. These causes will produce, in a short time, a language in North America as different from the future language of England as the modern Dutch, Danish, and Swedish are from the German, or from one another.

Opinions might vary concerning the extent to which this prophesy has already been borne out—Mr. Mencken's conviction is that there actually exists an "American language." It cannot be denied that there are differences today between American speech and English speech. And not a few would be surprised to hear one of the reasons for this—namely, that American speech, far from running ahead of its parent, has lagged behind it. We frequently boast of our inventiveness in phrasing, and we have a right to do so. We cannot boast, however, of boldness toward our school teachers—of freedom in the manipulation of those idioms which are more fundamental in the language than slang can ever be. We still are more "correct" than Englishmen; which means that Englishmen have got further away than Americans from the language which both of us spoke in the seventeenth century.

George H. McKnight, writing in the new journal on Conservatism in American Speech, questions "whether in America there has been a development of idiomatic speech as free as in conservative England." And he seems to settle the question not merely by pointing to the fact that transplanted languages—Irish English, Canadian French—are usually conservative but by a reference to the best current practice in the two countries. Competent English writers today are saying "Everybody has to take their chance," "those sort of things," "Who are you living with?," "It is me," and "It is him." And George Moore has actually written of "a man laying there with foam upon his lips," while Joseph Conrad introduced into his first novel a "corpse that laid right under the white cloth." Probably we are horrified—as we were a few years ago when Mr. Wells began to make his people say "Aren't I?" Probably, also, we are wrong. We do not know what we are talking about when we speak of "correctness." No one does, and certainly not the average well-intentioned teacher, who, to quote one of the book reviews in *American Speech*, is possessed at best of "a mass of ill-digested rules gathered from dictionaries, grammars, textbooks in composition, manuals of usage, and lists of 'words often mispronounced.'" A first-rate philologist, when confronted with a brand new idiom, might hazard a guess as to whether it consorted with the genius of his language as he knew it; but he would hardly attempt to kill it as incorrect, and he would not be too sure that he knew that genius well.

American Speech will endeavor, it would appear, to disseminate this sense of uncertainty before the mysteries of language and hence to encourage tolerance in the regulation of it. Emphasis has been placed upon the popular aspect of the magazine. Doubtless to enough readers it would seem extremely learned, and it is indeed for the most part sound. But very few statements made in this first issue are strictly new, and some of the contributed papers are dangerously slight. A paper on the suffixes -eteria (as in cleaneteria), -orium (as in pantatorium, where pants are pressed), and -ery (as in car-washery), one on the now famous cryptogram which begins with "ABCD Goldfish," and one on The Kraze for "K" (as in Kars Kleaned Klean) are both amusing and important. And a word should be said for the fact that the three editors will operate respectively from Nebraska, Maryland, and California. From Louise Pound as chief much may be expected. From all of the editors—unless a monthly publication turns out to be too much for them to undertake at a time when experts in language are so few—much is bound to come.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1925 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Tuesday, December 1, and not later than Thursday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 10, 1926.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

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"Flaming Coffins"

By BASIL N. BASS

OUR militarists repeatedly avow that, lacking sufficient funds to maintain permanently a large army and navy, the nation must pin its hopes in case of an emergency on well organized and trained reserves. Noisiest among these are the commissioned personnel of the regular army. Furthermore, the army staff has at last learned, and now admits, that the air service is one of its important arms. So one might reasonably expect to find the army giving considerable attention to the training of its air service reserves. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Take flying and the equipment available for that purpose. I am a reserve pilot and, for the first time since the late war, I reported to the training camp at Mitchell Field last August for two weeks active duty. I found that the ships now being used for preliminary training are the same types that were in vogue in this country at that time. I was somewhat nonplussed at the discovery, thinking that there had been ample time, and certainly plenty of room, for improvement. Imagine my consternation upon learning that the airplanes were not only the same types that were used in 1917 and 1918, but the very ships themselves. When I pondered the fact that the average life of an airplane is normally about half that of an automobile the age of the planes became a fact of startling significance.

However, flying proceeded without mishap while the entire reserve class paid unstinted tribute to the mechanical genius that could keep such ancient ships in the air. Then one afternoon I reported on the line for a cross-country flight and was given a supposedly better plane, one equipped with the fabulous Liberty motor. The motor sounded all right as it was warmed up on the ground (a common habit of airplane motors), so another pilot and I took off and started circling the field for altitude, just to make sure that the machine was up to no tricks. It was just as well; suddenly several cylinders cut out, making a noise like the smashing of many empty bottles, and we were forced to land, glad to be within gliding distance of the field.

We "taxied" up to the line and reported to the operations officer, who turned to the sergeant in charge of the ship and asked how many hours the motor had had in the air. The sergeant said: "One hundred and forty hours."

I gasped, for we had been told in class that morning that Liberty motors should be overhauled after eighty hours in the air, and in no case should they be flown more than one hundred. Then this terse observation from the operations officer: "I guess she is ready for the boneyard."

This situation as regards flying equipment takes on an aspect approaching wanton negligence when one knows that the army has quantities of planes of the types used for preliminary training that have never been uncrated; and that it has hundreds of Liberty motors that have never been used. Why is this material in storage?

In one of the hangars there reposes heavily a ship of titanic proportions, possessing motors, rudders, and fuselages galore. Another pilot and I came across it in looking over the equipment on the field.

"What is this?" my friend asked a passing mechanic.

"That!" contemptuously, "Oh, that is the 'Owl'."

"What do you do with it?"

"Nothing at all."

"Doesn't anyone ever fly it?"

"I should say not. The Post Office Department had it built to carry mail. Couldn't use it, so sold it to the Air Service. It has been here three years now."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Burn it up, we hope," was the mechanic's answer.

The best information obtainable was that it cost the Government close to a quarter of a million dollars. Yet one hears growls from army officers about the lack of appropriations.

One of the instructors said that he would like to show us the plane that has been adopted for pursuit work, the plane that clears the sky of enemy aircraft in time of war, but there were none on the field.

"What field are they on?" some one asked.

"There has been no delivery yet, but the builder has one nearly completed," the instructor said.

"How many have been ordered?"

"Well," replied the instructor, "the army gets a few and the navy a few more, altogether enough to equip a squadron."

Imagine the entire military establishment of the United States possessing one pursuit squadron—twenty-four pursuit airplanes!

There is one pursuit ship on the field. It is a wartime model and entirely obsolete; but it is guarded with the utmost zeal. I heard a reserve pilot naively inquire if he might take it up.

"Try and get it," was the response. It is the only halfway decent ship on the field so the regulars can hardly be blamed for refusing to allow the reserves to fly it.

There are no attack planes on the field because the type has not been finally selected. There are perhaps six bombing planes that could take the air in a pinch, of a design, however, which experts declare antiquated. They might stay up as many minutes.[1] Observation planes? Possibly six (divided between two squadrons) of the wartime vintage familiarly referred to by their pilots as "flaming coffins."

There may be no appropriations for training or actual service airplanes but for the Pulitzer Race it is different. One ship for the army, one for the navy, and one to be held in reserve in case it was needed. Their cost was almost incredible, their speed supposed to be 302 miles an hour.[2] I had not seen these planes so asked, "What will be done with them after the races?"

"Nothing."

"Are they fit for actual service?"

[1] Since writing the above one of the bombers crashed with a dead motor near Cape May, New Jersey, after being in the air less than two hours. The pilot and his two passengers were killed immediately. The writer knew one of the passengers, Capt. R. A. Kinlock, who was an accomplished pilot and a most efficient officer.

[2] Only the test ship made this speed. The faster of the other two was fifty-three miles per hour slower in the Pulitzer Race. This fact is noteworthy; but authoritative voices are still heard solemnly pronouncing that the testing and engineering laboratories at McCook Field should be abolished. To do so would be calamitous, particularly for army aviators.

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"No; they travel nearly two miles while the pilot turns them around; they land at such terrific speed that no one could land them on a wartime airdrome, and besides, they are blind" (constructed so that the aviator cannot see below him ahead).

But to get back to the matter of training. Flying is only part of an aviator's job. He must also be proficient as a fighter, which means that he must master a broad curriculum. Second only to flying is marksmanship with a machine gun. We received some perfunctory pistol instruction and actually shot this weapon on the range. We had no practice in firing machine guns.

We had instruction in operating a wireless set but when I went up and started sending down the position of shell bursts I found that the instrument was dead. I landed to receive the blame for this from an irate officer in charge whose nerves were frayed from too long attempting impossible tasks. I later learned that the ship was sent up all afternoon with the same dead instrument aboard. The result was that no one, and this includes the instructors, knew whether we could spot shots or not. But we received a rating on our efficiency records.

Parachutes are useful in an emergency if one knows how they operate, but the officer scheduled for this instruction had been sent on sick leave by the flight surgeon to prevent a nervous breakdown from too many continuous hours in the air. There was no one to replace him unless other instruction was omitted. The parachute instructor was also listed for bomb sight instruction. A pinch hitter was found who demonstrated an enormous, complicated machine (which was supposed to be a bomb sight) for twenty minutes or so, then suddenly avowed that it was no good because it was always out of commission.

The instructor in aerial photography told the class in his first lecture that it would be given some work in the air with the camera. Before this stage was reached the officer commanding the section was sent on an airways mission, so all instruction was confined to the classroom.

An efficient staff officer, who is an accomplished flyer as well, had been detailed to the field to lecture on the types and uses of military aircraft. However, an assistant-secretary of war decided that he would like to fly up New England way, not in any training ship nor in any so-called fighting craft, but in a specially built passenger plane. The result was that the reserve class lost its instructor for half the training period, apparently for the reason that he was the only pilot in the air service to whom the assistant secretary cared to entrust his precious person.

The responsibility for this state of affairs certainly does not rest with the commanding officer of the field nor with the officers and men under his command. They were impotent to remedy matters and had nothing but apologies to offer for the lack of equipment and the disrupted staff of instructors. I was informed by one of the permanent officers of the field that, according to War Department orders, their first business was to carry out certain extensive anti-aircraft experiments at night. After these experiments came other duties. If any time, equipment, and personnel were available afterwards, the reserves were to receive some training.

Small wonder that a regular officer of some rank was heard to growl: "If this training business isn't given some attention and straightened out, the War Department will find that when the present reserve commissions expire there will be no renewals."

But this reserve training affair is only a line of the story. The whole story before, during, and after the war is the same. In short, the army has completely demonstrated by ten years of bungling that it is absolutely incapable of either training or equipping an efficient air service. Congress and the public must eventually learn that we will never have an air service until it is cut loose from the army and its "official channels," and administered by those who know the air game.

The Water-Power Fight in California

By HARRY W. LAIDLER

TO an Easterner on vacation, California, with its brilliant blue skies, its rugged mountain ranges, its giant redwoods and countless waterfalls, is likely to take on the appearance of a great play-land, undisturbed by the social struggles of the day. And yet in this Pacific Coast State there is now being waged one of the most stirring social dramas in the country, a conflict between the powerful private electrical interests and the people of the commonwealth for the control of the water-power resources of the State.

The fight of most immediate interest is that centering around the Hetch Hetchy power contract. In 1913 Representative John E. Baker secured the passage of a bill popularly known as the Hetch Hetchy grant, giving to San Francisco water and power rights in the Yosemite National Park, about a hundred miles from the city. The bill provided for the development and use of hydro-electric power by and for the people of the municipality and forbade the sale of these rights to private corporations for private gain. Following the grant, the city constructed dams, tunnels, and hydro-electric plants, at a cost of about $50,000,000. While these works were pushed with vigor, the supervisors, for some strange reason known best to themselves, failed to develop a city distribution system. They appointed a committee to estimate the value of San Francisco's privately owned plant —the Pacific Gas and Electric Company—with a view to purchase, but that was all.

The first municipal hydro-electric plant at Moccasin Creek on the Hetch Hetchy grant was completed this year. On its completion the officials of the Pacific Gas and Electric expressed an interest in purchasing all power which the plant might generate.

"We, of course, don't need the power," they protested, "but we hate to see the city plant idle. So out of the goodness of our hearts we are willing to buy from you all of the electrical energy generated at your Moccasin plant."

The supervisors were receptive. Some of them, however, feared that a sale to a private company with power of resale to the ultimate consumer was a violation of the federal grant. So they did two things: (1) They sent a delegation to confer with Secretary Work of the Interior Department; (2) They asked that a contract be drawn mak-

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ing the electric company a mere agent of the city in power distribution. A camouflage contract of agency was thereupon presented to them. In reality the contract was one for outright sale of power. The contract was rushed through the Board of Supervisors before Secretary Work was heard from, by a vote of 11 to 7, and signed by Mayor Rolf.

The action of the officials aroused widespread indignation. The seven supervisors who had refused to approve the contract wrote a vigorous letter of protest to Secretary Work:

> We respectfully submit to your honorable department [they declared] that it is a wrongful and shameful policy for a grant of water and power privileges in the Yosemite National Park area to be developed at an expenditure of $50,000,000 by the taxpayers of San Francisco, *only to have its greatest financial and economic asset, the hydro-electric power, diverted into private corporation hands at the instant of completion* to the great benefit of said corporation and at the actual deficit of the people of San Francisco.

They maintained that, by the terms of the contract, the company would receive power at an average rate of five mills per kilowatt hour, nearly three mills less than the cost of power from other sources. While the city, the supervisors urged, was selling the power far below cost and would lose by the deal $165,000 a year, if one considered capital charges, the company would gain a profit of $1,700,000! Mayor Rolf, who signed the contract, maintains that he is still for municipal distribution. In telegraphing from Washington Secretary Work's decision to keep hands off for the time being, he urged the supervisors to "hasten all proceedings to the ultimate acquisition of our distributing system for both water and power." The report of the committee to evaluate the Pacific company's plant is expected soon. That will precipitate a fight.

In that fight as in past contests the advocates of municipal distribution have at least one powerful argument in their favor—the outstanding success of municipal ownership and operation of electricity in Los Angeles.

"We are constantly losing industries to Los Angeles," declared a grieved citizen of San Francisco to me a short time ago, "because the city plant there supplies electrical power more cheaply than do our private companies. The Goodyear Rubber Company is a case in point. It was undecided whether to locate in our section or in Los Angeles. The low rates in the southern city were the deciding factor. The company's Pacific Coast plant is now in Los Angeles."

Shortly after 1900 Los Angeles found itself without a sufficient supply of water. After an exhaustive investigation it decided to construct the now famous Owens River Aqueduct and bring the water from the Owens River in the high Sierras, 250 miles from the city. It obtained from the federal government a right to the water and power needed by the proposed aqueduct. Construction began in 1907. By 1913, in less than estimated time and $40,000 below estimated cost, the great project was completed.

The aqueduct proved more than a carrier of water to the drought-threatened city. From the intake of the aqueduct to Los Angeles, in its path through three mountain ranges and over desert plains, it had a total fall of some 3,000 feet. This made possible a significant municipal experiment in the development of hydro-electric power. William Mulholland, the able chief engineer of the project, was not slow in realizing these power possibilities. The city fathers realized them too, and in 1909, against the bitter opposition of the power interests, the citizens of Los Angeles voted bonds looking toward the preliminary construction of hydro-electric plants and the utilization of the 100,000-odd horsepower available along the line of the aqueduct. This work was pushed under the direction of E. F. Scattergood, and, despite the obstacles, legal and otherwise, placed in the city's path by the electrical interests, the first "hydro" plant finally reached completion and a skeleton distribution system was constructed.

As at present in San Francisco, so a few years ago in Los Angles the power interests spent all the eloquence at their command in an effort to confine municipal activities to the generation of electrical power. The city, however, determined to try its hand at distribution and in 1917 actually sold light and power to the ultimate consumer, and at a price lower than that charged by the Southern California Edison Company. The latter company, faced with its municipal competitor, agreed to sell out its plant within the city. In 1919, the citizens voted a bond issue for its purchase. For three years this issue was held up in court proceedings by the enemies of public ownership.

The city, however, ultimately triumphed. It bought the company's Los Angeles plant and since May, 1922, has operated it. Now the municipality supplies between 65 and 70 per cent of the electricity purchased by city consumers and over 90 per cent of the power used in the industries of the city. It is at present engaged in evaluating the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company, the remaining power company, with an eye to its purchase.

The last big fight of the power interests against the city plant took place in 1924 against the proposed bond issue for needed improvements and extensions. The power interests defeated the city in the first referendum vote, but were snowed under a few months later. In the spring of this year the power companies suffered another defeat at the primaries when Mayor George E. Cryer was chosen by a majority vote over Judge Bledso. At the ensuing elections the citizens defeated all supervisors suspected of opposition to municipal ownership.

The reasons for the recent indorsement of the municipal plant are not far to seek. They include the following:

1. Municipal ownership in Los Angeles has led to greatly reduced rates. In 1909 the power companies' rates were nine cents per kilowatt hour. The city voted bonds for preliminary construction of a power plant. Presto! The rates dropped to seven cents! As the construction proceeded the drop continued. When the city took over the Edison company's plant in 1922 it reduced the rate charged by the company by 12½ per cent and was the chief cause for a similar reduction in the rate of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company. Los Angeles rates are now among the lowest in the country. A compilation of the lighting costs in twenty-five cities of the country with a population of over 100,000, made late in 1923, placed Los Angeles at the bottom of the list, with a monthly rate for twenty-five kilowatt hours of $1.40, as compared with $1.50 in Seattle (also a municipal plant and next lowest on the list), $1.75 in New York, $1.80 in San Francisco, $1.85 in Chicago, $1.96 at Buffalo (right near Niagara Falls), and $2.63 in Boston. The *power* rates early in 1925 for 75 horsepower a month were 54 per cent lower in Los Angeles than in New York,

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45 per cent lower than in Chicago, and 59 per cent lower than in Boston.

2. Despite these low rates the city plant has consistently earned a surplus. This surplus for the year ending June 30, 1924, according to the audit made by Price, Waterhouse and Company, was $3,051,306.45. Before estimating this surplus deductions had been made for depreciation, interest on bonds, and expenses of operation and maintenance. Since 1922 taxpayers have not been asked to pay one cent for matured bonds out of taxation.

3. Municipal ownership in Los Angeles has still a number of other points in its favor. Its construction costs have been about 34 per cent less than that of private companies in that vicinity. Its force of over 3,000 employees under civil service is devoted, efficient, and courteous. Its technical equipment is of a high order. It has succeeded in securing and retaining men at its head of extraordinary ability, industry, and social vision—men of the type of the chief engineer, William Mulholland, and of E. F. Scattergood, in charge of the city's electrical developments.

Best of all, the backers of the Los Angeles municipal plant are spending little time boasting of past achievements. Their greatest developments, they believe, are yet to come. The growth of the city is driving them on. The power from the aqueduct is not equal to the city's needs. Los Angeles is now compelled to purchase one-half of its power wholesale from the Southern California Edison Company at rates more than double the cost of power generated in its own plants. This means a very considerable loss to the people.

The citizens of Los Angeles have become convinced that an adequate supply of power can come only from one source—the Colorado River. That is why they are enthusiasts for the Swing-Johnson bill for the construction of the 600-foot dam in Boulder Canyon. This dam, they maintain, would accomplish three things for the Southwest: it would act as a protector against floods, now threatening the Imperial Valley; it would make possible the irrigation of a million-odd acres of land along the lower Colorado; it would render 600,000 horsepower constantly available for development. By an overwhelming majority Los Angeles in 1924 voted that its officials should contract for the purchase of its share of power as soon as the government project warranted.

As might be expected, the Swing-Johnson bill is being opposed by the power interests. The All-American Canal feature of the bill is likewise being attacked by Harry Chandler of the Los Angeles *Times* and others who fear the effects of this canal on the irrigation of their Mexican lands. Certain of these groups have aimed to divide and conquer. They have conducted a "whispering campaign" in the cities and States interested; have tried to impress each district with the feeling that the other city or State was planning to "hog" the chief advantages.

But Los Angeles feels with William Mulholland that Boulder Dam is "an absolute and desperate necessity," and tens of thousands of citizens there and in other parts of the Southwest are looking upon this development on the Colorado River, with its untold possibilities, as a sort of religious adventure. It will be heard about in Washington this year.

The advocates of public ownership in California are not confining their efforts to *municipal* electrical development. They are also conducting a campaign for *State* acquisition and development of the water power resources of California. They have focused their efforts on the Water and Power act submitted in 1922 and 1924 to the people of the State in referendum vote. The act in brief proposes to make the credit of the State to a maximum of $500,000,000 available for the development of water and power, to be furnished to the people at cost, without local bond issues or taxation.

Despite the efforts of its advocates the proposed Water and Power act was twice defeated in referendum vote, in 1922, by a vote of 597,453 to 243,604; in 1904, by a vote of 751,985 to 320,383. One reason was the tremendous fund poured into the campaign by the power companies in opposition to the act. Following the first campaign in 1922 corporation executives and agents admitted before the Jones legislative investigating committee the expenditure of amounts totaling $501,605.68 to defeat the measure. Eustace Cullinan, head of the so-called Greater California League, told the committee, in the course of a searching examination, that his organization alone had expended $244,941.04 in opposition to public development. He received the money, he declared, from some six power companies, the largest subscription, $133,971.80, coming from the "publicly owned" Pacific Gas and Electric Company. His league, he stated, "never had a meeting. . . . I appointed myself president [at a salary of $25,000]. I was employed by the power companies, through Mr. John S. Drum [director of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and the California Gas and Electric Corporation and formerly president of the American Bankers' Association], and met with myself, after the employment, and organized the Greater California League. . . . No one had access to the account except myself."

The disposal of funds during the campaign was of interest. A few weeks prior to election P. H. McCarthy, for years State president of the Building Trades Council, came out with a vigorous statement against the Water and Power act. During the investigation, it was later discovered, Mr. McCarthy had received $10,000 from the manager of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company "to educate the labor movement that he represented against the act." George Skaller, secretary of the Civic League of Improvement Organizations, was paid by the same manager $4,000 for similar services. Social leaders were not neglected. The same witness stated that he had paid one woman prominent in social and club circles $1,000 for "her extended acquaintance." "It occurred to me," he said, "it would be a very good opportunity to get an entree into these clubs through her to educate the women particularly in the viciousness of that act—and she did her duty well too. I'll tell you she did her duty very well, as the vote shows there." Nor were the newspapers neglected.

The advocates of the act—Rudolph Spreckels, William Kent, James D. Phelan, John R. Haynes, Franklin Hichborn, and a host of others—are not daunted by its temporary failure. They are determined to continue until California has broken the grip of private monopoly and the electrical industry exists for community service rather than for private gain.

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Life or Death for the League

By BRENT DOW ALLINSON

Geneva, October 15

THE Sixth Assembly of the League of Nations has adjourned until next year. The 200 official delegates from 54 nations have scattered to the ends of the earth in various degrees of satisfaction or disappointment, according to their conceptions of the true purpose of the gathering to which they come each September. The interest of the world has shifted to Locarno. There all the real decisions that affect the political and economic life of Europe have been made.

The League, however, has already granted indulgence to the conclusions at Locarno, by accepting a resolution submitted by its First Committee, indorsing in general terms the drafting of particular, regional pacts of security and treaties of arbitration "conceived in the spirit of the Covenant" and executed according to the immortal principles of the protocol, i. e., security, arbitration, disarmament. Whether the agreements that have just been concluded are, in truth, peace pacts that will pave the way to disarmament or whether they are, in fact, only new orientations of *Realpolitik* remains to be seen. The point we must regretfully make here is that, whichever they prove to be, the League will bestow upon them its apostolic blessing, for the League—to use the language of a faithful English supporter seeking to explain the sabotaging of all the constructive initiatives of the Sixth Assembly by the British delegation—"the League is nothing in itself, you must remember; it but reflects the governments that are behind it. . . . We must change the governments first before we can have the kind of league we want."

That is a large order; and it admits the whole case of the radical argument against the League. For, if we insist upon a change of government in Italy, in Bulgaria, in Rumania and Spain, to say nothing of India, Hungary, Serbia, and Poland, we must wait for a revolution, and probably a violent one, before we can hope to have a league of nations capable of giving expression to the will to peace through justice and the operation of democratic principles and purposes. But after visiting the League and watching it for a fortnight, I do not think the task is as hopeless as that which is indicated by the defenders of things as they are, the spineless futilitarians who affirm, with a show of authority, that we must take the League as it is, poor as it is, feeble as it is, disappointing as it is, because the alternative is chaos. The fact is, of course, that we have international political chaos now. The League does nothing, and says nothing, because its organization will not permit it to do anything to modify the chaos, except perhaps to conceal it a little by sanctifying it.

It is becoming clear to everybody now, as it was to only a few in 1919, that the League cannot even perform the one purpose that might reasonably be expected of it—to draw the attention of the world to the major injustices and obstacles that exist, even if it cannot hope to cure them—for the reason that, composed chiefly of representatives of the governments, constitutional and otherwise, that are responsible for the maintenance of those wrongs and obstacles, the League is obliged to ignore the existence of most of them.

What is the moral? Close observation of the Sixth Assembly leads to a new conviction that the radical solution is the only solution, and that the League must be freed from the creeping paralysis of governmental control and the rule of unanimity in its procedure. Its forum must be opened and made accessible to the cries of the oppressed, without depriving it of its official character. This can be done quite easily, by an amendment for which, even in the League as it now exists, it would be possible to find much support.

Either the representation in the League should be made like that in the other functioning and coordinate international institution established by the Treaty of Versailles—the International Labor Conference, which is composed of two representatives appointed by the government of each participating nation, and one nominated by the employers' and one by the labor organizations—or, like the principle underlying the organization of the Interparliamentary Union, it should be composed of at least one representative designated by the opposition party or parties holding seats in the national parliament of each member state; and these representatives should vote, in the Assembly, as individuals representing opinion, and not as the envoys of states. The lines of division would then be along those of the real divisions of opinion in the world, and not along the artificial and dangerous clefts of nationality which disintegrate all the efforts at international organization wherever they prevail.

We are informed that M. Jouhaux, the eloquent and vigorous labor leader who for two years has been one of the official representatives of France at the League, intends, at the next meeting of the Assembly, to offer an amendment providing that representation shall be modeled, henceforth, upon the principle prevailing in the International Labor Conference. If he does this, every internationalist who believes in the League, or hopes for the League, ought to support him and his effort. His method offers this advantage: in a time when parliamentarism has been dangerously attacked and, in certain countries, undermined by the most primitive cabals, it would strengthen the principle and practice of constitutional government, for in order to obtain a voice in the forum of the League at Geneva the offended minorities would be impelled to participate in the parliamentary life of their own countries rather than to disrupt it by abstention or violent revolt.

In the twilight of the League's melancholy achievement, it is plain for all to see that until the representation in the League is democratized and freed from the monopolistic control of bedeviling governments, in some such way as suggested, it will remain a windy disappointment for everyone who looks to it as an instrument of promoting peace and progress in Europe or beyond.

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Walter Hines Page—Patriot or Traitor?

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THE balloon of Walter Hines Page's reputation has carried him high, but a significant squall is looming. Viscount Grey recites in his memoirs:

> Page came to see me at the Foreign Office one day and produced a long dispatch from Washington contesting our claim to act as we were doing in stopping contraband going to neutral ports. "I am instructed," he said, "to read this dispatch to you." He read and I listened. He then said: "I have now read the dispatch, but I do not agree with it; let us consider how it should be answered."

Commenting on this the staid New York *Times* remarked:

> . . . For a parallel to this action the records of diplomacy would probably be searched in vain. An ambassador is right in doing all he can to help maintain friendly relations between his own Government and the one to which he is accredited. . . . But an ambassador's first duty is, after all, to the government which he represents. If he disagrees with its policy, he must keep still about it while in office abroad. Should his dissent be too strong for him to endure, he can always resign. But to act as Ambassador Page did was to follow a course for which it would be difficult to find a precedent and which could not be made common in diplomatic practice without demoralizing and disastrous consequences.

Page had a tremendous admiration for Grey, and he constantly returns to it in his letters. He considered it in December, 1915, "a God's mercy for us that we have so far had a man like Sir Edward Grey at his post." His open-mouthed admiration increased as the years went on. Now, Sir Edward is very frank in his memoirs upon his methods with Page and the United States, however much he may have befuddled issues elsewhere. He says:

> The object of diplomacy . . . was to secure the maximum of blockade that could be enforced without a rupture with the United States. . . . A belligerent with superior sea-power always contended for an interpretation of international law that would justify the maximum of interference with goods that might conceivably reach the enemy. . . . *The British contention had not always been the same. When we were neutral we had, in the interest of our commerce, disputed the maximum right of interference claimed by belligerents.* (The italics are mine.)

Sir Edward, then, clearly understood what his line would have been had he represented the United States, and he presumably expected the United States to pursue such a course at this time. In addition he makes clear that he was to a certain extent subservient to the naval authorities:

> The navy acted and the Foreign Office had to find the argument to support the action; it was anxious work. British action provoked American argument; that was met by British counter argument. *British action preceded British argument;* the risk was that action might follow American argument. (Vol. II, p. 110.)

Grey, then, was frankly busy finding arguments to justify British action. It makes Page's descriptions of Grey (e. g., "a lonely idealist"), to put it mildly, ridiculous. And very funny too is Burton J. Hendrick's comment that "these topics [maritime rights in times of war] engrossed him [Lansing] as completely as the extension of democracy and the significance of British-American cooperation engrossed all the thoughts of Page and Grey."

Britain would have been forced to submit if the United States had been firm, because it was indispensable to her cause that the friendship of the United States be held. Grey admits that:

> The Allies soon became dependent for an adequate supply on the United States. If we quarreled with the United States we could not get that supply. It was better, therefore, to carry on the war without blockade, if need be, than to incur a break with the United States about contraband and thereby deprive the Allies of the resources necessary to carry on the war at all or with any chance of success. (Vol. II, p. 107.)

The State Department seems to have been firm in its contentions, but the counter-activities of Page negatived every bit of firmness which it put forth. From the beginning of the war Page adopted the position of the British. He was a thoroughgoing Anglomaniac who according to the editor of his letters would do "anything" to further an Anglo-American accord. Grey states Page's position well:

> From the first he considered that the United States could be brought into the war early on the side of the Allies if the issue were rightly presented to it and a great appeal made by the President.

Page's method of forwarding the cause was to act as unofficial adviser to the British Foreign Office and to Grey:

> Page's advice and suggestion were of the greatest value in warning us when to be careful or encouraging us when we could safely be firm. (Vol. II, p. 110.)

Page systematically frustrated the State Department of his own country and played the British game. He was pro-British and unneutral to such an extent that he advised England how she could best avoid the consequences of her acts, when Grey himself realized that these acts could legitimately be the cause of grave dispute. It is unparalleled in history to have a man with a record like Page's sold to the American people as an example of the highest patriotism and as "the incarnation of those qualities we love to call American."

Not the least interesting of the various campaigns to immortalize Page is the campaign to establish the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations, at the Johns Hopkins University, a school which is to be "a monument to the work and service of Walter Hines Page." This school is to discover and present for use in practical politics

> a systematic body of things known about the complex causes of good will and ill will between the nations of the world. . . . These men will gather facts about international trade, racial psychology, commercial and military geography, diplomatic usage and experience, effects of artificial economic barriers upon international amity, effects of new inventions to expedite communication, and all the hundreds of things that enter into the contacts of nation with nation.

Mr. Page's career illustrates perfectly the need of such training as this new school proposes to give.

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Fascism at Work

By THORSTEN SELLIN

Florence, October 5

The National Fascist Party
The Fascio of Florence

The Executive Committee of the Fascio of Florence, which represents, to the city and to all of Italy, a youthful company, dynamic, industrious, heroic, and, above all, operating in the light of day, *in assuming all responsibility for the holy yet mild acts of reprisal committed by honest and valorous Fascisti, from the beginning to the present hour*, against the disgusting bacillus of that moral pestilence called the Italian Freemasonry, which, not satisfied with having betrayed Italy in the interest of their French brothers during the Versailles conference, where the fruits of the blood and heroism of the Italian people were thrown away, thanks to a blind sectarian discipline, has today, in an appeal worthy of the most monstrous traitors to their country, tried to ruin the finances and the prestige of Italy in the interest of foreigners and as a base vendetta against those who are safeguarding the honor of the Italian race, COMMANDS all Fascisti to refrain from acts of violence and instead try to identify those affiliated with the Masonic order in order better to realize the useful objectives of a radical, decisive, and necessary punitive action.

Florence, Sept. 28, 1925 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

During the last few days this poster, prominently displayed, had struck me by its intolerant and revengeful attitude. I had been told that the feud between the Fascisti and the Masons was of long standing and that it had lately been aggravated by the publication of some letters purporting to show the international and anti-national spirit of the Italian Masons. Here in Florence, the stronghold of Fascism in Italy, the feeling between the two bodies was particularly intense. That the "radical, decisive, and necessary punitive action" should come so soon was probably not in the plans of the Executive Committee, but on Saturday evening, October 3, something occurred that brought matters to a climax.

A Masonic circular, addressed to a certain Bandinelli, a sixty-year-old bookkeeper, had in some manner been intercepted. When it came into the hands of the executive committee of the Fascio, one of its members was instructed to go to the home of Bandinelli and bring him to the headquarters of the organization "in order to give the necessary explanations." Last Saturday evening, Signor Luporini, the vice-president of the Fascio, a man of sympathetic personality and known as a member of the moderate element of the party, decided to execute the orders he had received. While he and a companion were trying to persuade Bandinelli to accompany them, a young railway employee, Becciolini, who with his wife and little daughter occupied the flat above, entered into the discussion. There are conflicting stories as to what followed, but in the end Becciolini shot and killed Luporini and wounded his companion.

The news of the happening spread with astonishing rapidity. Becciolini, who had taken refuge on the roof of a neighboring house, was soon discovered. While he was being brought to the police station, he was lynched by a mob, while other Fascisti were wreaking their vengeance on the home of Bandinelli, its furnishings being thrown into the street and burned. During the excitement, old Bandinelli succeeded in escaping; he has not yet been found.

Luporini's murder seemed to provide the occasion desired. Soon black-shirted groups were forming, some of them hurrying into the city from the surrounding countryside, all armed with horse whips and stout sticks. The striking feature about these groups was the youth of their members, who seemed to range between sixteen and twenty-five. About 10 o'clock, they went into action, seemingly under orders and according to some plan. "In reprisal, numerous offices of professionals or merchants notoriously affiliated with the Masonic order or with opposition parties, were damaged" (*La Nazione della Sera*, October 5). Doors and iron shutters were smashed, the contents of the stores or offices piled into the street and burned. At least eight lawyers were among the losers, the damage in most cases including both office equipment, library, files of documents, etc. More than half a dozen merchants, including the Underwood agency and the finest tailoring establishment in town, had their stocks partially or totally destroyed.

But the reprisals were not limited to this. About midnight "unknown assailants" entered the home of Signor Gaetano Pilati, a socialist ex-deputy, and wounded him so seriously that his life is still in danger. An hour later others succeeded in gaining entrance to the house of Signor Gostavo Consolo, lawyer and formerly local correspondent of the Socialist organ *Avanti*. In the presence of his wife and children he was murdered "by unknown persons." Although the militia had been called out, no attempt was made to arrest the raiders. It would probably have been futile and perhaps even dangerous to interfere. Certain it is that whatever went on in the minds of the silent and cowed masses that watched the demonstrations, nothing was said and no motion made to stop them.

On a smaller scale, the reprisals continued on Sunday. In the afternoon, when the energies of the raiders seemed about spent, a telegram arrived from the secretary-general of the party, Farinacci, who in the name of Mussolini ordered the cessation of hostilities.

This afternoon, at sunset, Luporini's funeral was held with a pomp that is rarely equaled. About six or seven thousand marched in the solemn procession and many times that number lined the streets and the bridges. But I could not drive from my mind the thought of old Bandinelli, whose life may be in danger so long as he stays on Italian soil, although he has committed no crime. Nor could I help wondering how many dared march behind the coffin of Consolo.

This evening I heard some one say, "Well, tomorrow the Fascio will have a thousand more members, too scared to stay out."

The First Nation Dinner

Thursday, November 12, 7 P. M.

CHINA

The Acid Test of 1925

Speakers: Dr. Harry F. Ward
Paul Blanshard
P. W. Kuo

Chairman: Oswald Garrison Villard,
Editor, *The Nation*

Fifth Avenue Restaurant, 200 Fifth Ave. Tickets $2.50

(Announcements of the series of dinners will be sent on request.)

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In the Driftway

HOW his friends, the editors of *The Nation*, manage to produce a paper which is not a tissue of violent contradictions is beyond the understanding of the Drifter. When he strays into the office he always finds them wrangling. They don't like the same plays; they don't like the same books; they have differing degrees of like and dislike for the British and the bankers and the babies, and different ideas upon the way to make clam chowder and apple pie. They are always expressing disapproval of each other's clothes and suggesting improvements in the management of each other's homes and the education of each other's children. When, after these bitter debates, they go off to write editorials in the lonely splendor of their overpopulated offices, something of the fervor of these internecine debates must communicate itself to their typewriters. But—except on politics, on which he has no opinions—the Drifter nearly always feels that they are all wrong.

* * * * *

ONE of these editors recently wrote an editorial upon "Native" Literature. "Spiritually, we have little more relation with the Indian," he said, "than we have with the Hottentot." Until the Drifter learned of the indubitable middle-American upbringing and ancestry of the author of those impious words he wondered what shallow-rooted alien immigrant could have been guilty of such nonsense. The American boy dwells for the most important decade of his life in a wilderness populated by Indians. He stalks his neighbors; he engages in scalping-parties; he utters war-whoops; he makes war-bonnets of stray chicken feathers; he paints his face; he camps out in his back yard, deliriously imagining the shadows behind the cherry tree to be populated by hostile red-skins and strange, wild beasts. When the Drifter was ten, or thereabouts, he persuaded a barber to shave his head, except for a scalplock on top. His family sent the young Drifter back to have the hair-cut completed. They were as unappreciative of the poetry and indigenous American tradition symbolized in that tonsure as the author of the editorial in *The Nation*.

* * * * *

NO, the attempt to establish American literature upon a basis of American culture may be hopeless; but the counter-reformation which would altogether deny our Indian traditions is equal nonsense. Our lives, even in the cities, are still molded by the old frontier. As small boys we play frontier games; we ambush the whites and attack blockhouses; our bows and arrows trace their ancestry to Hiawatha, not to Robin Hood; we earnestly try all the Indian tricks which Cooper described and which Mark Twain says good Indians never even tried. Americans sleep out under the stars as the people of no other nation do—the Germans have scarred their mountains with paths, but they never cut away from the trails as our youths do. We paddle our own canoes; we smoke the pipe of peace; and each year at Thanksgiving-time a vague recollection slips through our heads of the Indians who taught the Pilgrims to plant corn and introduced them to that her ic bird, the turkey. So long as there is wood left for campfires—and the automobile has enormously increased the available camping-ground—we shall retain a spiritual kinship with the aborigine which the European cannot share. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Jewish Relief Abroad

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit me to reply to Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's letter in *The Nation* of October 7 in which, commenting on the effort now being made in this country to raise $15,000,000 for Jewish agricultural settlement in Russia and reconstructive relief in other lands, he makes the sweeping assertion that there is no hope for Jews in Europe. Planting himself squarely on this assertion which he makes on the basis of what he describes as "a fairly long and fairly thorough study" of the Jewish situation in Europe and in Palestine, he protests "with all possible vigor, with all possible urgency against the investment of one penny of Jewish money anywhere except in Palestine."

Now I wish to make it very clear that I am not an opponent of the plan to settle as many Jews in Palestine in as short a time as is humanly possible. In my humble way I have been doing what I can to aid in the industrial and economic development of the land, so that the lot of those Jews already settled there can be bettered, and opportunities created for thousands of other Jews to enter the land and build up therein a future for themselves. With hardly an exception, the same is true of the attitude toward Palestine Jewish colonization of the hundreds of men in the United States and Canada with whom I am participating in the United Jewish Campaign which is an effort to raise $15,000,000 for Jewish colonization in Russia and reconstructive relief in other foreign lands.

Mr. Lewisohn demands that these $15,000,000 should be devoted to the transportation and settlement of Jews in Palestine and that not one penny of the fund should go toward the amelioration of Jewish conditions in various European countries. That is Utopia. That is something that would not be urged by a single responsible Zionist who is familiar with all of the facts, who is aware of all the difficulties involved in such a mass-migration as Mr. Lewisohn proposes. He fails to take into account the human factors. He fails to take into account the smallness of Palestine. He fails to take account of the laws regulating immigration to Palestine—and especially the very latest ordinances which are greatly disturbing the minds of leading Zionists.

But assuming that Mr. Lewisohn's Utopia were speedily realize—that the $15,000,000 plus the millions raised by the financial agencies of the Zionist Organization were available immediately for the settlement of Jews in Palestine, what then? If Mr. Lewisohn will be good enough to do a sum in simple division, if he will divide the total available for Palestine development and settlement by $5,000, the cost as estimated by the Zionist Organization of settling a family in that country, he will find that a very large part of the 12,000,000 Jews now living in Europe will have to remain there.

Not one penny, says Mr. Lewisohn, should be spent on them, because, if you please, they are victims of various kinds and types of antisemitism, popular or official or clerical or all of them combined!

This is true of the Jews of Poland, of Czecho-Slovakia, of Rumania; this is true of most of the millions of Jews in every European country. In all of these lands the Jews are making a valiant struggle to solve their problems right at home. And that is where they must be helped. They must be helped in Poland, they must be helped in Rumania, they must be helped in Lithuania, they must be helped in Latvia, in Czecho-Slovakia. They must be helped in Russia.

In that country the Jews seem to have found a way out of their tragic dilemma by turning to the soil. Twenty-five thousand of them are already successfully settled on lands assigned by the Russian government for that purpose. Thou-

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sands more are eager to go, and it is estimated that if sufficient funds can be raised through the campaign Mr. Lewisohn so vehemently opposes, 100,000 can be settled on the Russian prairie by the end of 1927. Though this back-to-the-land movement has been proceeding apace for the past four years there have been no pogroms, no assassinations, no lootings, no violence of any sort perpetrated against them.

The point about this colonization movement is that all classes of Jews in Russia, from the most extremely radical to the ultra-orthodox and the Zionists, enthusiastically favor it. The only opponents, besides the Russian emigrés living in Paris and hoping that their forfeited estates may some day revert to them, are certain categories of Jews outside of Russia, for one of which, at least, Mr. Lewisohn essays to be the spokesman.

It is this Russian Jewish back-to-the-soil movement that the United Jewish Campaign for $15,000,000, of which I have the honor to be the national chairman, aims to help. Not by carrying on a propaganda for it in the Russian towns and villages, but by supplying to the colonists, once they get on the land, instruction in agriculture, the use of tractors, seed, live-stock, implements, loans for the building of homes and credits so that they may live until they have raised a crop and disposed of it. No money is spent now or will be spent out of the fund for transportation or for the purchase of land, or upon efforts to persuade them to go to the Russian prairie. But all of the money that will be appropriated out of the $15,000,000 fund for the colonization movement will be spent to help these pioneers make a success of their venture.

But the fund is not intended for the colonization plan alone. It was specifically declared by the Joint Distribution Committee in a formal statement published in the American press last May that the funds raised for the proposed "Overseas Chest" will be used also for reconstructive relief in all other foreign lands where Jews have not yet succeeded in re-establishing themselves economically.

DAVID A. BROWN,
National Chairman, United Jewish Campaign

New York, October 8

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To hamper in the slightest degree a campaign for the relief of millions of suffering fellow beings involves such an appalling responsibility that I am sure you will not refuse me some space to point out the ruthless cruelty involved in Mr. Lewisohn's statement that "it is useless to give bread" to the Jews of Russia. No one disputes that "man does not live by bread alone." But if Mr. Lewisohn had enough imagination to visualize the actual conditions of the Russian Jews who have no bread, for instance that of my own cousin who actually starved to death before help from this country could reach him, or of thousands of others who are now near that condition, he would not indulge in the light-hearted, irresponsible rhetoric of such statements as "the bread will wither in the mouths of them that eat it." For the plan attacked is not to dole out charity in the form of soup kitchens but to help a whole people to return to the normal economic independence without which life has been a gruesome struggle.

The indisputable facts which Mr. Lewisohn totally ignores, despite his claims to "a fairly long and fairly thorough study," are as follows: For generations the Jews of Russia have by law been pent up in the cities and towns of a relatively narrow strip called the "Pale of Settlement," thus being compelled to eke out their subsistence for the most part by petty trading. Now that the government is bent, by direct prohibition or excessive taxation, to abolish all private business enterprise, the Jews of Russia are in a worse plight than they were even during the war. Russian factories and industries are not yet sufficiently developed to find places for the great mass of the Jews, and the consequent amount of unemployment is terrific. As this congestion of unemployment in the towns has caused difficulties for the Russian Government, it is planning to relieve the congestion by offering some land in south Russia immediately available for agricultural purposes.

At best Mr. Lewisohn's plan or absence of plan means that we should let the great mass of Russian Jews be crushed in order to save a few for "Nahalal in the valley of Jezreel."

This comfortable but astounding position Mr. Lewisohn justifies with the sweeping dogma that all the Jews of eastern or central Europe are sure to be killed sooner or later, so that to help to keep them alive is to "subsidize murder." I feel too strongly about this to trust myself to characterize such an irresponsible argument. I can only say that it has not the least support in the history of previous agricultural settlements in Russia. Besides, what guaranty has Mr. Lewisohn that the native Arabs who outnumber the Jews of Palestine more than six to one, and who feel the possession of their homes menaced by the Jewish invasion, will never indulge in riots against the newcomers? The actual riots which occurred near Jaffa some time ago make such assurance very risky, to say the least.

New York, October 11 MORRIS R. COHEN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's letter "Palestine or Russia?" stirs my interest deeply. It is a great many years since I have heard, in Zionist circles or out, any plea for Zion against the world, against the immediate needs of the Jewry of the world, so eloquent, so passionate, so special, and so typical. The Zionist organization is to be congratulated.

I am a Zionist. I have been a Zionist for nearly a quarter of a century. I have been an assiduous student of the problems of the Jewish position in the Christian world even longer. I am more than ever convinced that the rehabilitation of the Jewish nationality in Palestine is basic to the solution of these problems. Some years ago I wrote a book "Zionism and World Politics," about which *The Nation* said very kind things, wherein I show why such rehabilitation is basic. I have stated my views on this matter in *The Nation* and elsewhere time and again. None can doubt my stand on Zionism as they might Mr. Louis Marshall's. Nevertheless I do not agree with Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn. I do agree with Mr. Louis Marshall.

Whether or not there is any hope for the Jews in Europe, the great majority of the Jews of the world live in Europe. They have lived in Europe for a very long time. They have lived in Europe through very much worse experiences and crises than the present and it looks as if they must continue to live in Europe. Emigration from Europe has not solved their problem. Emigration from Europe has only extended their problem. On the record it has extended their problem also to Palestine. Even if emigrant Jews were liberated by their migration from their problem, for those that remain the problem remains and a majority seems always to remain. Hence, even with the most unrestricted settlement of the Jews in Palestine, with unlimited resources, with a policy on the part of the mandatory completely favorable and cooperative, there would still remain a moiety of Jews in Russia and Central Europe where sufferings and dangers and needs would be at least just as real and just as urgent as those of Palestinians.

New York, October 10 H. M. KALLEN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was with extreme pleasure that I read Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's fiery appeal for a preference for Palestine over Russian colonization. I was one of those who attended the Philadelphia conference, called by the Joint Distribution Committee, and offered vigorous opposition to the proposal to have American Jews commit themselves to a policy of investing nine or more million dollars in colonization in the Ukraine and Crimea.

I was appointed one of the committee that framed the peace pact at the end of the session, but in committee and sub-

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sequently on the floor of the conference I refused to give my assent to what seemed to be a somewhat meaningless jumble of words. As a matter of truth the conference at Philadelphia was not intended to be a conference but merely a staging for the beginning of the collection of the $15,000,000. The organizers were probably rather surprised that opposition was offered to their pet project, and they sought to overwhelm it by the announcement of princely gifts in favor of their plans.

As a Zionist I believe that $15,000,000 could do more permanent good for the Jews in Palestine than the spending of a like sum anywhere else in the world. I was, however, opposed, and I am still opposed, to this project for colonization in Russia, because I think it is inimical to the interests of the Jews throughout the world and offers more than the normal amount of risk and hazard to the Jews to be colonized, either in the Ukraine or the Crimea.

The men who have made themselves responsible for this policy have never made it clear why they are so certain of the stability of the Soviet Government, and their spokesman, Dr. Joseph Rosen, predicated the whole plan upon his belief in the stability of the Soviet Government, there being fair agreement among Jews everywhere that the fall of the Soviet Government will be followed by the wholesale massacre of Jews. In the second place, the men who assumed the responsibility for this Russian policy, and who are at the same time men who have assumed a certain measure of responsibility toward the development of Palestine, have not made it clear why at this time they prefer to trust the Soviet Government, under which the Zionists are being persecuted, rather than place confidence in the mandatory power which is controlling the destinies of Palestine. They are undertaking to raise $15,000,000, most of which is to be spent in Russia. At the very utmost, they have promised to raise about a million and a half for Palestine, the balance of the funds of the projected $3,000,000 corporation being provided by a merger of existing funds. Apparently, in their minds, Russia stands as ten to one against Palestine.

Mr. Lewisohn has so admirably covered a good deal of the ground as to the position of the Jews in Europe that I do not think that it is necessary to elaborate on the fact that were this Russian colonization policy not viewed as a crushing alternative to Palestinian colonization it would still have to be justified on its own merits.

There is, in the first place, against it a 300 years' experience of the Jews in Eastern Europe, and there is, in the second place, the immediate risk, admitted by Dr. Rosen, that the peasants are seeking to come back to the expropriated lands of Soviet Russia, and, third, that the Jews who are settling are not guided by a love for agriculture but entirely moved by consideration of getting from the soil the food they need to fill their empty stomachs. This last fact implies that at the very first break in the present economic condition in the cities in Russia these farms will be speedily deserted by the colonists.

Among all races and at all times it takes more than need to make a farmer out of a city dweller. As to the attitude of the Jews in Russia, it is becoming more and more evident that they are not exercising a free judgment in this matter. The pressure that compels them to acquiesce in this policy is too obvious to need elaboration in print.

New York, October 16 JACOB DE HAAS

Miracles

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *America*, a Catholic review of the week, there appears a challenge extended to you. The reason for this act is set forth in the current number, which also contains the challenge itself. The editors of the Catholic periodical quote *The Nation* as "pontifically disposing" of the miracles attributed to the intercession of the newly canonized saint, Sister Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus, by the remark that "there are many willing to testify that they have been cured of various diseases through her aid," though you go on to add (and to this is exception taken) that "similar miracles, quite as well authenticated, are attributed to Mrs. Eddy, M. Coué, and many others."

The present writer regrets very much that such a statement has come from the pen of the learned editors of *The Nation*. It is much to be desired, in the interest of truth, that the challenge be accepted, for only by a frank and truly sincere discussion regarding the fact of miracles can any light come to the mind that holds dogmatically every claim of the kind to be hopelessly "medieval," "superstitious," etc. The argument, of course, will turn upon the fact of miracles, not upon their possibility, though it is a necessary postulate if the discussion is to bear fruit.

Your kindness, I hope, will permit me to stray a little and to recommend for your perusal as an example of the critical methods employed by Catholic writers in authenticating alleged miracles the work of M. L'abbé Georges Bertrin, entitled "Histoire Critique des Événements de Lourdes-Apparitions et Guérisons," published in Paris by J. Gabalda and in New York by Benziger Brothers. The author of this book is a doctor of letters and professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris.

The Catholic doctrine on miracles is admirably summed up in the following drawn from the Roman Missal for July 1: "Si testimonium hominum accipimus, testimonium Dei majus est."

Glens Falls, N. Y., July 5 JOHN L. BAZINET

Psychological Tests for Judges

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note your comment about an alleged proposal to select judges by means of psychological tests. [*The Nation*, September 23.] That proposal is credited to me. As a matter of fact I said nothing at all about the selection of judges by any method. I do not believe that it would be feasible to select judges by any psychological tests now known, and I never made the proposal.

This is another instance of the distortion of newspaper reporters for the sake of getting a story.

Chicago, October 5 L. L. THURSTONE

Contributors to This Issue

BASIL N. BASS is a New York lawyer and a captain in the air service reserves. He served for two years as an aviator in France.

HARRY W. LAIDLER is secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy, and author of "Boycotts and the Labor Struggle," and "Socialism in Thought and Action."

BRENT DOW ALLINSON was in prison for two years as a conscientious objector. He is now in Switzerland.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN wrote The Walter Hines Page Legend in the *American Mercury* for September.

THORSTEN SELLIN, of the sociology department of the University of Pennsylvania, was in Florence during the recent disturbances.

WILLIAM HARD was *The Nation's* Washington correspondent from January, 1923, through April, 1925. For some months he has been making a special study of the failure of the League of Nations campaign in the United States.

LAURA BENET has published a book of poems, "Fairy Bread."

V. F. CALVERTON is editor of the *Modern Quarterly* and author of "The Newer Spirit."

PITTS SANBORN is the music critic of the New York *Telegram*.

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Books, Music, Plays

I Mourn the Dead

By LEON SERABIAN HERALD

I mourn the dead.
The tears of the living
Are not half as mournful
As the laughter of the dead.
The lightning is the overflow
Of the hot grief of the dead,
The quake of the earth
Is the overflow of their sigh.

I mourn the dead.
They weep even with their body.
They perspire even with their souls.
O the dead, the dead, the dead!
They see, but there is no way.

I was with the dead one moment,
But the living say to me—
The living that have ways to see—
They know nothing of the dead,
And the living die.
O the living, the living
March on to die
With Passion their loud drum,
With Greed their shrill fife!

First Glance

THERE are two things that a historian of the world's literature might do if he wanted to seem adequate. He might purvey every known fact about all the books and all the authors, and this would require many thousands of pages; or he might assume these facts and present a body of generalization which would be convincing and attractive, and this could be done in as few pages as he liked. He certainly could not do both things, and it happens to be doubtful whether anyone could do either. John Macy, setting out to write his "Story of the World's Literature" (Boni and Liveright: $5), saw, of course, that it was not for him to drag a net which should catch every author—even every famous author; and so, if one is to believe his charming preface, he cast about for a point of view from which to examine only such volumes and men as he felt it important and interesting to examine. He decided that it was well to "cultivate a kind of impudent curiosity about literature," to scrap the "solemn notion . . . that there is some kind of moral obligation to spend one's days and nights with only the good and the great," and to have the courage of one's conviction that certain "intimate companions" among the minor things may be quite as valuable as the classics. "To save 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'The Bab Ballads' I would gladly throw overboard a good deal of very important literature," says Mr. Macy. And it is an admissible point of view. Moreover, it is a point of view which, if Mr. Macy had continued to hold it, would have made for a volume not only lucid and unaffected—as his is—but literally unassailable.

But Mr. Macy did not hold it. Far from celebrating Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert when their time came, he never so much as mentioned them. And far from confining himself to those books of the world which had aroused his loyalty and affection, he departed into half-hearted disquisitions upon all manner of works suspected by him to be so important—to others—that they could not be left out. He attempted to proceed upon the larger plan after all, which means that he laid himself open to criticism of the sort that he was least prepared to survive. Thus, since he strove for a properly proportioned history, it becomes fair to object—even in the face of his candid confession—that seventeen pages are not enough for the gigantic literatures of China, Japan, India, Arabia, and Persia; that Elizabethan literature outside of Shakespeare does not deserve more space than all of French prose before 1800; that European literature since 1800 is a great deal less than half of all the literature of the world. Since he did endeavor to treat Thucydides, Aristotle, Langland, Ariosto, Milton, Pascal, and Darwin it becomes permissible to observe that he treats them feebly. And since he did aim, however shyly, at an account of the great books which should satisfy several sorts of reader it becomes necessary to say that for many readers his preoccupation with "style" will make him an inadequate historian. He might very well have called his book a story of styles—in which case he would have been free to praise the "readable" authors and those alone. But he calls it a story of literature, and so is reduced, in the seventeen dutiful lines which he devotes to Darwin and Spencer, to saying that the first is greater than the second because he is a better writer!

"The lyric poet is a man of short breath, though he may express the universe in four lines." In such a sentence Mr. Macy is at his best, and it is a pity that he could not have left himself free to write more like it. He obviously is at home among the poets. He is quite innocent of moral obsessions. He prefers honesty, transparency, and charm above all other literary virtues—incidentally possessing them himself in a high degree. He considers the greatest of all literary sins to be dulness—and almost never commits it. May his next book, then, be altogether his own.

MARK VAN DOREN

Lodge on Wilson

The Senate and the League of Nations. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

THIS book might better have been called "Henry Cabot Lodge on Woodrow Wilson." Almost half of the text of it is given to happenings which occurred before the Treaty of Versailles came to the Senate. The five appendices consist of a speech by Mr. Wilson, three speeches by Mr. Lodge in criticism of Mr. Wilson's ideas, and a verbatim reproduction of the long colloquy between Mr. Wilson and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on August 19, 1919.

The one thread of new information and of new interest that runs through the book is the historic development of Mr. Lodge's attitude toward Mr. Wilson's personality and behavior. Out of personal conferences with Mr. Wilson he describes the alarm—the trepidation—which came upon Mr. Wilson when he discovered that the Mexicans at Vera Cruz, in 1914, instead of welcoming our marines as helpers and deliv-

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erers were determined to fight them. He describes Mr. Wilson's renewed panic when in 1916 at Carrizal the Mexicans attacked the merely protective!—or, at most, the merely punitive!—troopers of General Pershing.

Mr. Lodge says regarding Mr. Wilson on this latter occasion:

> He wanted evidently to do just enough to allay public feeling and avoid war. He was willing to commit one or two acts of war but not declare war. He was torn between fear of losing votes and fear of war. He was in a nervous condition, as when I saw him after Vera Cruz, although not so collapsed as he was then.

Mr. Lodge at that time thought—and in this book maintains—that Mr. Wilson sent marines to Vera Cruz to gratify a personal grudge and to wreak a personal vengeance against Huerta, who had defied him. In this book he further maintains that Mr. Wilson went to war against Germany because of personal resentment against the German Government and against the German Emperor for having seemed to be willing to welcome him as a mediator in the Great War and for then having suddenly rejected him in that role.

With this interpretation of Mr. Wilson's motives and methods, Mr. Lodge, as would seem natural, conceived a dislike for him. Out of a memorandum made by him on May 18, 1917, Mr. Lodge says regarding Mr. Wilson's appearance:

> I watched and studied his face tonight as I have often done before—a curious mixture of acuteness, intelligence, and extreme underlying timidity—a shifty, furtive, sinister expression!

Mr. Lodge denies, however, that he opposed Mr. Wilson's League of Nations because of believing that Mr. Wilson was acute, intelligent, timid, shifty, furtive, and sinister. On this point Mr. Lodge in the shadow of death exhibits unabated the same icy insolence that was his in full life. He remarks:

> Mr. Wilson to me was simply an element to be calmly and coolly considered in a great problem of international politics.

He further remarks that up to the time of the Great War "Mr. Wilson had never crossed my path in any way and never had inflicted any personal injury upon me; in fact, it was impossible for him to do so."

Mr. Wilson overthrew Huerta. He overthrew William the Second. He did not—this book might seem to be written to say—overthrow Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. Henry Cabot Lodge overthrew him.

Mr. Lodge nevertheless repeatedly maintains that he opposed the Treaty—that is, that he sought to amend and "reserve" it—because of the Treaty's demerits and not because of Mr. Wilson's hateful characteristics (hateful to Mr. Lodge). He points to the fact that he had supported Mr. Wilson in the matter of repealing the "free tolls" for our coast-wise ships in the Panama Canal. He points to the fact that he had supported Mr. Wilson in the matter of arming our merchant ships in the spring of 1917. He could have pointed to a much stronger fact.

In 1911, when Mr. Taft, then President, sent to the Senate an arbitration treaty with Great Britain, Mr. Lodge in the Senate took a highly influential part in so amending that treaty that Mr. Taft, outraged, refused to send it to Great Britain for ratification. The fatal senatorial medicine which Mr. Lodge commended to the lips of his enemy Woodrow Wilson he had already proffered—with equal success—to his friend William Howard Taft.

Mr. Lodge further maintains in this book that he genuinely desired the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles and of the Covenant of the League of Nations, as senatorially "reserved" and "safeguarded."

There is not one surviving genuine "Irreconcilable" in the United States Senate who will not heartily corroborate Mr. Lodge on this point. Mr. Lodge indeed, in his declining days, sometimes loved, I think, to let it be thought that he actually had been the diabolically subtle creature imagined by the Democrats and that, knowing that Mr. Wilson would never accept certain reservations, he deliberately and for that very reason nailed them to the Treaty.

In this book he puts aside such bed-time playfulness and tells the truth. He could not possibly foresee that Mr. Wilson would really finally refuse to accept reservations which were pronounced acceptable by that wary Englishman Lord Grey and by that exigent Frenchman André Tardieu. He voted for the Treaty twice; and on both occasions it was open to the Wilsonian Democrats to vote with him and with his reservationist Republican colleagues and so carry the Treaty into ratification; and he could not possibly have been sure that the Wilsonian Democrats would not do so.

Mr. Lodge could have strengthened this particular contention of his if he had been willing to recount the painful details of numerous conferences in which the "Irreconcilables" stormed at him and ranted at him and threatened him with the total disruption of the Republican Party in order to prevent him from making his reservations weaker and weaker for the purpose of pleasing the "mild" and "tame" reservationists like McCumber of North Dakota and Kellogg of Minnesota.

Mr. Lodge does not give us those details. If he had chosen to do so, he would have proved beyond denial and beyond doubt that he was never a surreptitious "Irreconcilable" or any other sort of "Irreconcilable" but always faithfully and steadily a reservationist and always willing to send the "reserved" Treaty to Mr. Wilson for Mr. Wilson's possible rejection—*or possible acceptance.*

Mr. Lodge ends his book with certain further unfavorable observations on Mr. Wilson. On reading them, one is again impressed with the undaunted loneliness of much of Mr. Lodge's life.

One of Boston's best, he early and without compunction incurred the contempt of Boston's best for being a "practical politician." A son of Harvard and at one time an officer of Harvard, he at times unflinchingly pursued policies which exposed him to slights from Harvard. He antagonized the Southerners with his "Force Bill." He antagonized both the Wilsonian Democrats and the "Irreconcilables" by his course on the League of Nations. He antagonized the idolators of Coolidge by voting for the bonus; and he went home to Boston to be sick and to die, loftily snubbed by almost all of the petty successors of the great Massachusetts poets and philosophers and statesmen to whose circle he had cozily belonged in his boyhood.

Such loneliness does not conduce to any exuberant cheeriness of views. Mr. Lodge ends his book with a masterpiece of acidity. He says that Mr. Wilson had "the greatest opportunity ever given to any public man in modern times." He says that Mr. Wilson destroyed this opportunity "unaided and alone." He concludes:

> Difficult as such an achievement in the face of such an opportunity was, it does not warrant describing the man who wrought the destruction as a great man.

This is surely excessive; but it came from a man who had suffered much from the excesses of others.

WILLIAM HARD

Young Poe

Edgar Allan Poe Letters, till now unpublished, in the Valentine Museum, Richmond, Virginia. Introductory Essay and Commentary by Mary Newton Stanard. With Facsimiles of All Letters and 15 Illustrations. J. B. Lippincott Company. $15.

WITH the exception of Whitman, no American author has been so assiduously studied as Poe, and yet even today, three-quarters of a century after his death, there still remain unpublished documents which are absolutely essential to the

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full understanding of his career. Since Griswold's famous death-notice in the New York *Tribune*, a flood of writings, including four major biographies, has necessitated a constant revision of the story of Poe's life, but even now the bare facts are nowhere completely assembled, and at every turn biographers are balked by misrepresentation and concealment of important facts.

For the initial confusions Poe's own mendacity was responsible. Not only did he lie about the date of his birth and, after the fairly well-established custom of authors, about the date at which he composed his earlier poems, but he dealt in wholesale invention as well; for in the course of the process by which he carefully cultivated his own legend of himself he concocted that romantic story of his expedition to Europe in the interests of Greek freedom which, though by that time regarded with suspicion, found a place in Ingram's "Life" (1880), and was not wholly discredited until Mr. Woodberry's discovery that Poe had enlisted in the United States Army, coupled with Mr. Campbell's investigation of the Allan Papers, proved that he could not possibly have been out of this country at the time when his Byronic exploit was supposed to have taken place.

But Poe's own efforts to obscure his career have since been ably seconded by others. That sentimental view of his character which has gradually prevailed over the acrimonious one supplied by Griswold has not encouraged the relation of unvarnished facts, and, more important yet, the owners of essential documents have stubbornly withheld them, partly, perhaps, from a disinclination to jeopardize an agreeable legend by the revelation of facts, but chiefly from a desire to leave the affairs of the Allan family in safe obscurity. Hence it is that some remain unpublished and others are now for the first time given to the world.

Not since Mr. Woodberry made his discoveries have any facts in the life of Poe been made public which were of comparable importance to those contained in the present volume. The long-continued quarrel between Allan and Poe, which resulted in the latter's being finally cast entirely upon his own resources, has always been as obscure as it was obviously crucial, and though these new letters do not, it is true, throw any light upon the origins of that quarrel, they do enable us to follow as never before its course, and they furnish new material of extraordinary value for a study of the character of the two men. Twenty-seven letters from Poe to Allan and two letters from Allan to Poe cover the period between 1826, when the latter had just entered the University of Virginia, and 1833, when Allan wrote "finis" to the story by indorsing upon the back of a previous communication his opinion of Poe in the following terms: "It is now upwards of 2 years since I received the above precious relict of the Blackest Heart and deepest ingratitude alike destitute of honor and principle. Every day of his life has only served to confirm his debased nature—Suffice it to say my only regret is in Pity for his failings—his Talents are of an order that can never prove a comfort to their possessor." The story which they tell is far from a pleasant one, and one not wholly creditable to either of the parties concerned, for while Poe alternates between the most contemptuous defiance and the most abject supplication, Allan reluctantly doles money, which he accompanies with the most stinging insults; but every page is highly illuminating for both.

No future judgment of Poe's character will be worth considering if it does not take these letters into account, but there will, it appears, remain some difference of opinion. To their editor they seem only to confirm that view of Poe which regards him as the blameless victim of misfortune and cruelty. To me the case seems not so simple. Even if we take Poe's own statements at their face value and take them alone, it is impossible to say whether John Allan treated him fairly or no; for Poe's statements in his angry letters contradict flatly those which he wrote in conciliatory mood. On one occasion he declares that he has no excuse to offer for his "infamous conduct" at the university, on another he charges all his difficulties there to the niggardliness of his foster father. In 1830 he roundly charges Allan with complete neglect of all the duties undertaken when he received an infant into his household, but the following year he writes: "When I look back upon the past and think of everything—of how much you tried to do for me—of your forbearance and your generosity, in spite of the most flagrant ingratitude on my part, I can not help thinking myself the greatest fool in existence"; and so the swift changes go.

That Allan was a coarse-grained and violent-tempered man is undoubtedly true, but that Poe had become utterly unmanageable long before he was completely cast off is equally plain, for the letters which bear ample testimony to his suffering reveal with equal clearness the instability of his temper. There are secrets of his childhood which must probably always remain secrets, but by the time he had become a man even a wiser and more temperate patron than his foster father happened to be could hardly have saved him.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

David Garnett's Third

The Sailor's Return. By David Garnett. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THE characters that compose this fantastic story are as hot-blooded, highly colored, and tragic as a group of tropical birds, wounded and left to die against the dull shaven green and white of an English landscape. Mr. Garnett has conceived a most incongruous group of people—a retired sailor who keeps a public house, an African girl, and their black baby. Against their genuine love and confidence in each other and defiance of the world he has set the gaping brutality of the village mind which in the end overpowers with its stupid cruelty both Targett's physical strength and fortune and Tulip's innocent candor. The ironic death of the baby, Sheba, after their forced wedding ceremony, is a symbol of this strange fact.

The book is well done. From an aesthetic point of view, perhaps, no figures could better represent creatures of nature going down in the struggle with convention than those of Targett and Tulip. For Targett has many of the simple qualities of his African bride. He has dealt with primeval things, seas and wind, ignorance and superstition, where a blow of the fist or a sum of money would insure him the mastery. Not unlike one of Eugene O'Neill's seamen, he cannot compete with the narrow customs of his family and his land, and his death, caused by a foul blow in a quarrel, is as fitting a climax to his character as Tulip's drab course in an alien country after he is gone is to hers.

Flashes of humor and beauty illuminate the story—Tulip's wild dance in the inn before the heavy figure of Harry, Targett's brother, Tulip's sly bestowal of a purse of money upon her husband's narrow-minded and acid sister in order to keep her evil spells from them, and—most of all—Tulip's recital in the wood of the beauties and terrors of her father's court before she comes home like a happy child to be confronted with her husband's body.

"The Sailor's Return" is a tragical rolling ballad, not a delicate prose poem like "Lady into Fox." It has more meat than "The Man in the Zoo," in which, however, there was the same acute portrayal of the Negro—the average commercialized Negro, not the savage princess that Tulip represents. Tulip is the artistic center of the book, a strange tropical flower that soon withers. Mr. Garnett has the poetic sense of irony and pity. Some day, perhaps, instead of these small, compressed prints he will give us a powerful and heroic canvas.

LAURA BENET

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Criticism by Sociology

Historical Materialism: A System of Sociology. By Nicolai Bukharin. International Publishers. $3.25.

IN these parlous days of economic change and political upheaval Bukharin's book comes as a clarifying analysis of the chaos in which we are enmeshed. "Historical Materialism" is monistic in its interpretation of life, Marxian in its exposition of society. It is lucid and argumentative, brilliant and dogmatic. As a contribution to sociology it is striking and significant.

Proclaimed for the first time in "The Communist Manifesto" of 1848, restated with more philosophic inclusiveness by Marx in "The Critique of Political Economy" of 1859, the theory of historical materialism has attained a singular growth in the generations that have followed its birth. In every country in which there has been a labor movement it has been instrumental in the organization of proletarian parties, determined their economic programs and political tactics, inspired their leaders with philosophic vision. In Russia a whole revolution was effected in its name. The theory declares:

> In the social production which men carry on they enter into definite relations that are indispensable and independent of their will; the sum total of these relations of production constitutes the economic structure of society—the real foundation, on which rise legal and political superstructures and to which correspond definite forms of social consciousness. The mode of production in material life determines the general character of the social, political, and spiritual processes of life. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence, but, on the contrary, their social existence determines their consciousness.

It gained little acceptance in America in circles other than the proletariat until the last decade or two. In Europe, Marxism since its origin has had a deep-lying, permanent influence on philosophic and historical theory. Categorized and defended as "economic determinism," in recent years it has experienced an almost miraculously accelerated growth. While men like Enrico Ferri declare that Marx complements Spencer and Darwin and that "sociology must be Socialist or cease," while William A. Bonger, in the most remarkable contribution to criminology in many years—"Criminality and Economic Conditions"—maintains that the "theory of Marx [has] resisted, like a wall of bronze, all attacks . . . and constitutes a great step in advance in criminology," and while Hausenstein in "Vom Geist des Barock" proves the Marxian origin of the Baroque, it is in the developments in American thought in relation to the philosophy of Marxism that the most outstanding and revealing change in attitude is to be observed. The new historical school is devoted largely to the study of history from the point of view of a social or economic determinism. Charles A. Beard is the best exemplar of this school. In "The Economic Basis of Politics" he makes unconscious acknowledgment of his debt to the doctrine of historical materialism. Schlesinger in "New Viewpoints in American History" admits the superiority of the economic interpretation of history. In the works of Veblen, Farrand, Smith, Barnes, and a score of others, the influence of the philosophic concept of historical materialism can be discovered and traced. None of these men, however, have called themselves Marxians, nor have they in any instance accepted the implications of the Marxian ideology; their work, nevertheless, is indebted to historical materialism, with its stressing of the economic factor in history, for its fundamental inspiration. James Oneal, Nearing, and Simons are our leading writers of pure Marxian type. And the influence of this doctrine does not cease with them.

In these circumstances, the publication in America of Nicolai Bukharin's "Historical Materialism" occurs at a very propitious period. Bukharin defines and develops the doctrine in astute and comprehensive style. Marx and Engels, after all, announced but did not develop their theory in philosophic detail or with scientific exactitude. It was Plechanov who was the first philosopher of Marxism. In this book Bukharin is continuing Plechanov's work. His approach is calm and considerate, deliberate and circumspect, without the soap-box zealotry and raging mania of the propagandist. He devotes the first part of his book to a discussion of the nature of social science, the problems of teleology and determinism, the basis of dialectical materialism. While the arguments against teleology and voluntarism and the defence of dialectical materialism are neither fresh nor new, the form in which they are presented is unusually cogent and impressive. In the latter half of the book the substance is more original. Here the concept of social aggregates, the nature of equilibrium between society and nature, between the elements of society, the character of classes and the class-struggle are treated in illuminating and opulent detail. The social basis of language and religion, of science and philosophy, even of literature and music, is traced in broad but vivid outline. The discussion of the economic basis of religion, a development of the theory of Bogdanov, is exceptionally ingenious if not finally convincing.

It is important to remember, however, that in the age of science in which we live the acceptance or rejection of a theory must be determined ultimately by the criteria of observation and experiment. It is the one weakness of this book that it fails to realize that, despite the value and brilliance of its theory, a multitude of material still remains to be analyzed before the entire historical process can be unraveled. No other theory has explained so much or neglected so little, yet the very fact of its excellence does not entirely excuse a tendency to oversimplification and dogmatism.

V. F. CALVERTON

Books in Brief

The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson. South Seas Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons. 32 vols. 90 cents each.

"Sets" as cheap as this one are rarely so complete or so well edited. Here at last is a nearly definitive Stevenson well within the reach of the average buyer of books. The volumes are small and light, the paper is plain, the printing is good; and the contents are as adequate as could be wished. Much of the material has never before appeared in a popular edition of the author, and some of the letters have never before appeared in book form.

Music

Bayreuth Today: An Impression

IT was rather the fashion for a good many years before the World War to find fault with the festival performances at Bayreuth. This practice was not limited to English, French, and American critics. Bitter words were spoken by Germans themselves. Inevitably the notion got around that Bayreuth, which once proudly laid "Der Ring des Nibelungen" before humanity, and later "Parsifal," had served its purpose. This view of the case gained plausibility from the frequency and the excellence of the Wagnerian performances offered in various cities on either side of the Atlantic. Take New York in the middle and later nineties and the early years of the present century.

Meanwhile Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, and other Continental capitals were reveling in the music drama of Wagner, and the annual summer Wagner festival at Munich dared to be, save for the reserved "Parsifal," an open competitor of Bayreuth.

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When on January 1, 1914, "Parsifal" became legally free to the whole world and leading opera houses of France and Italy, as well as of the German-speaking countries, instantly availed themselves of that freedom, it did seem as though the last excuse for going on with Bayreuth had vanished. And when war actually put a stop to the festival of 1914, few can have supposed that it would ever be revived.

Nevertheless it has been. Herr Siegfried Wagner (his mother, the venerable Frau Cosima, because of her great age, no longer shares in the direction) carried out the first post-war festival in the summer of 1924 and the second this summer. Each was rewarded with a generous attendance, and Herr Wagner announces a third for 1927.

It was with knowledge of the various charges formerly brought against Bayreuth performances—exaggeration of this or that, stereotyped histrionics, worship of a false traditionalism, general inflexibility—that I went to Bayreuth this August for the concluding representations of the festival of 1925. But I was not burdened with personal prejudice pro or con for the very good reason that this was my first visit to the Wagner shrine. In the course of the three performances which I witnessed at the Festspielhaus the annoying elements that I was prepared to endure stayed in hiding, and certain important qualities which in my experience are peculiar to Bayreuth stood out in bold relief. First of all, there was the orchestra.

I have listened elsewhere to "Götterdämmerung," "Die Meistersinger," and "Parsifal" conducted by leaders as famous as Dr. Muck and more so than Michael Balling. And yet, remembering these performances at the Festspielhaus, I am tempted to declare that never before had I really heard the Wagner orchestra! One reason is the acoustics of the auditorium, which combine mellowness with brilliance in a way that I suspect is unique. The Prinz-Regenten Theater at Munich, an "improvement" on the Festspielhaus, is in comparison acoustically hard. Then the placing of the orchestra, in relation to the mellow resonance of the house and to the singers' voices on the stage, is such that its most overpowering fortissimo never obscures the word or the tone (be it good or be it bad!) of the vocalist. Of course the fact that the Bayreuth orchestra is composed of picked men must not be underestimated in appraising its achievement. But the playing of these men could not produce the superb effect it does in a house acoustically less fortunate.

For conductors Herr Wagner made a wise choice in Herr Balling and Dr. Muck. The former, though he practically grew up at Bayreuth, never indeed became a world celebrity. But a better "Götterdämmerung" than his one would hardly ask for. The breadth of his tempi (unhurried but never lagging), his fine and vital sense of rhythm, and his evident feeling for the sheer beauty of the music all contributed to a dignified and impressive exposition of the colossal score. Doubtless some other conductor might have carried the funeral music and the final scene of immolation to a more breathless pitch of epic tragedy. But, taken by and large, this was a noble, a beautiful, a satisfying "Götterdämmerung."

Busch of Dresden was to have been the conductor for "Die Meistersinger." When he "disappointed," Dr. Muck "obliged." Temperamentally the sardonic doctor is not according to German standards the ideal leader for Wagner's comedy. One immediately gathered why from the unprecedented speed with which he took the prelude. But as a purely musical expositor only Toscanini in my experience has rivaled him. And if something of the "heavy" German humor is neglected by Dr. Muck, the gaiety of this "Meistersinger" was to a rank outsider like myself absolutely delightful, and the touches of impishness in which he indulged were as authentically medieval as the naughty little demons whose quaint pranks enliven the awful ways of Judgment above the portal of many a Gothic church. As for "Parsifal," there Dr. Muck is rightly supposed to conduct from the tripod. It is enough for me to add that the third act as he led it was from beginning to end one of those rare revelations of what our erring flesh can do which make of praise a futile and impertinent intrusion.

The singing of the chorus (a picked body) I have not heard equaled by any other opera chorus anywhere. In Götterdämmerung" and in "Die Meistersinger" it was nothing short of astounding. Again, the demeanor and acting of the choristers, singly or in groups, suggested not opera as we are accustomed to envisage it but a particularly valuable phase of the Moscow Art Theater's manifestations. The departure of the congregation from St. Catherine's Church in the first act of "Die Meistersinger" and the behavior of the grail knights in the final scene of "Parsifal" illustrated what some folk can do in conquering the visual hopelessness of an operatic chorus.

PITTS SANBORN

Drama

Unspacious Days

CLOSE upon the heels of Walter Hampden's highly intelligent production of "Hamlet" (Hampden's Theater) came two excellent modern plays which serve, among other things, to remind us how far are our days from deserving that adjective "spacious" so fittingly bestowed upon the days of the great Elizabeth. "Craig's Wife" (Morosco Theater), by George Kelly, and "A Man's Man" (52nd Street Theater), by Patrick Kearney, are both essentially tragic in their feeling; but tragedy, which once "in scepter'd robes came sweeping by," has lost her royal robes and with them the grandeur which served to dignify her sorrows and make them tolerable. It is a long way from the palace at Elsinore to the Harlem fla[illegible]

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beside the "L" which furnishes the scene of "A Man's Man," and a long way from the imperious lust of the most seeming-virtuous queen to the petty schemes of the selfish wife whom Mr. Kelly has so bitterly delineated; but it is the way which the modern mind has come, gradually losing its grandiose visions and becoming more and more absorbed in the trivialities among which it has its being. We can, when Mr. Hampden and Miss Barrymore conspire to make us, recapture for an hour the heroic mood in which the fall of princes seems to epitomize the tragedy of existence, but we can no longer create it for ourselves because it no longer has for us a real emotional validity. We have our tragic sense of life, bitterer, perhaps, than that of any other age, but it is less a sense that man fails greatly, like Hamlet, than that, without grandeur or greatness, he fails in meanness of spirit and triviality of circumstance.

Of these two plays, the most telling which the season has produced, "A Man's Man" is the less finished, but it happens also to be the one which typifies most perfectly the bedraggled muse of modern tragedy. Its hero is a poor clerk, struggling like thousands of his kind to hide from himself his knowledge of his own inferiority by an ardent faith in all the schemes for developing his personality and unlocking those hidden powers which the advertising pages of the popular magazines announce. From a school of success he has received a diploma and he is conscientiously devoting fifteen minutes a day by the clock to the reading of the Harvard Classics in the hope that a bewildered misunderstanding of "Urn Burial" will somehow raise his salary; but all his ambitions are mean, and even they are beyond his reach, for he was born to be a fool and a dupe. He allows a slightly cleverer acquaintance, who promises to "get him into the Elks," to take from him all the money which he can borrow; his wife is seduced by the same man with a promise of an introduction into the movies; and when, his house about his ears, he leaves with the determination to perform one heroic act by performing an assault upon the person of the false friend, he is compelled to crawl back, beaten and battered, to the wife whom he has cast off. For a few agonizing moments he tries to pretend that in this one battle at least he was victorious, but he knows it is no use; and so, collapsing at her feet, he confesses his ultimate failure: "It is not true," he sobs, "I didn't lick him, he licked hell out of me." "Craig's Wife" is less violent than this and in ways much better written; it does not assault so brutally our emotions, for it merely dissects with a cruelly delicate scalpel the soul of a supremely cold and selfish woman; but like "A Man's Man" it carries with it no sense of human dignity which might serve, as that sense always does serve in the great tragedies of the past, to exalt the spirit even at the moment when it is most harrowed. In it dissonances remain dissonances instead of being drowned, as Shakespearean tragedy drowns them, in mightier harmonies.

It is, perhaps, worth noting that some of the tragedies of O'Neill, as well as such a play as "What Price Glory," owe something of the lift which they undoubtedly possess to the fact that their authors have managed to recapture something of the spaciousness which distinguishes the exultant tragedies of the Elizabethan times from those belonging to the strictly realistic genre which the modern consciousness has created; but "Craig's Wife" and "A Man's Man" remain more characteristic examples of the mood and manner of modern tragedy. Each attempts, it is true, to avoid the utter depression of spirits which such works produce, the former by allowing the audience to take in the person of the husband a vicarious revenge upon the wife whom it has been led to hate, the second by a silly and irrelevant tag in which something is said of the promise of the next generation. But there is no concealing the dominant effect of both, for both are, in essence, tragedies which spring, not, as Shakespeare's did, from a sense of the greatness of life, but rather from that sense, which Shakespeare could never have understood, of its essential meanness. Most old tragedies are at bottom confessions of a faith in life; most modern ones a confession of an utter disillusionment. It remains but to say that both are marked by excellent acting, Chrystal Herne distinguishing herself in "Craig's Wife" and Dwight Frye giving a telling performance in "A Man's Man."

"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" (Lyceum Theater), an absurd but entertaining comedy by Alfred Savoir, affords Elsie Ferguson the best vehicle which she has had for several seasons. She is both beautiful and amusing.

Orville Harrold and his daughter Patti are given an admirable vehicle for their singing and dancing at the Lyric Theater in "Holka Polka." Here again is delightful musical comedy with both conservative and original music by Will Ortman. A musical comedy with jazz ignored! The scene, laid in Czecho-Slovakia, affords the opportunity for striking costumes and stage effects, and the singing of the chorus is relatively as good as that of the principals. Altogether it is a play which ought to run indefinitely. Miss Harrold has not only beauty and charm and a lovely singing voice (in contrast to an unlovely speaking one) but talent as well. Miss May Vokes gives her usual humorous contribution to the ensemble. There are few character actors as amusing on the stage.

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□ LECTURES □

Farewell Dinner to
ARTHUR HENDERSON, M. P.
Monday, November 9, 6:30 P.M.
Park Palace, 110th St. and Fifth Ave., New York City
Subject: "Two Arms of British Labor"
Tickets at $2.50 should be secured at once from
LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY
70 Fifth Ave., New York City

RAND SCHOOL
7 E. 15th Street

Prof. Henry E. Crampton
"Evolution and Human Problems."
Saturday, Oct. 31, 1:30 P. M.

Vernon Loggins
"Anatole France and Romain Rolland."
Thursday, Nov. 5, 8:30 P. M.

Nathan Fine
"Labor's Struggle in Europe Today."
Thursdays, 7 P. M., Nov. 5, 12 and 19.

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International Relations Section

Press Comment in Bulgaria

TRANSLATIONS of the following extracts from various Bulgarian newspapers concerning the recent visit of Miss Ellen Wilkinson, British Labor M. P., to that country were received from a reliable source within the country itself. From the Bulgarian daily *The Slovo*, September 22, 1925, one of the three dailies unreservedly loyal to the government:

Missions from communistic circles in Czecho-Slovakia and England have recently come to Bulgaria to study Bulgaria's "white terror" and to distribute among the victims money which they claim to have collected by public and *private* subscription. Not long ago we called the attention of our readers to the mission of Miss Ellen Wilkinson, the colleague and intimate collaborator of MacKinder, Wedgewood, and Malone, who precisely on April 16,[1] by a coincidence which has not yet been explained, started for Sofia in order to see personally the victims of the terror. Miss Ellen Wilkinson, like Wedgewood before her, announces that her mission was given the warmest support by the president and secretary of the Socialist Party in Bulgaria, namely, by K. Pastouhoff and D. Neikoff.

What these people told Miss Ellen Wilkinson is evident from the communication which she herself gave out, namely, that 20,000 people in Bulgaria had been killed or had "disappeared," and that from among the Agrarians only. She says that she also received information to the effect that the Bulgarian Government had ordered the dismissal of all state officials who were members of the Agrarian League or of the Communist Party, for the purpose of increasing the misery of the widows and orphans left by the victims of the "white terror."

We understand this new course of action adopted by our Socialist Party; they are trying to improve their conduct so as to gain favor with the International and to let themselves be taken from within by the Communists. That is their own affair. But when our leading Socialists give out such information merely to cater to Communists from foreign countries, that does not speak well for them.

Worst of all, this is not their first offense. The report of Wedgewood and Company which was full of lies and libels against Bulgaria after the outrage of April 16 drew water from the same spring.

From *The Nation*, the organ of the Bulgarian Social Democratic Party, September 24:

How They Disgrace Bulgaria!

The Slovo, the paper of the bankers who are in control of the present government, has again seen fit to direct its slanders and lies against us. In its issue of the 22d it asserts that comrades K. Pastouhoff and D. Neikoff gave false information to Miss Wilkinson and it charges our party with trying to cater to the Communists and with letting itself be captured from within by the Communists.

These libels and lies concerning the first people in our party and this maligning of our whole party will not help the blind champions of the government to present the bloody cabinet of Alexander Tsankoff in any better light than that in which our own people and foreigners see it. On the contrary, these outbursts show that the advocates of the administration have lost all poise.

And let it be borne in mind that this is not a question which concerns the Bulgarian nation as a whole, but merely one of Bulgaria's many governments, Bulgaria's most tyrannical and bloody government. The state of Bulgaria and the Bulgarian people are one thing but Alexander Tsankoff's cabinet is an altogether different thing; it is not Bulgaria but a temporary and shameful regime in this unfortunate country which had gained the good-will of Europe before Alexander Tsankoff came into power. Foreigners know well enough what the Bulgarians are and what the Government of Tsankoff is.

It is a lie that comrades K. Pastouhoff and D. Neikoff have given false information to the representatives of the British Labor Party. They not only did not tell them the number of people killed in our country but called to their attention the inaccuracies in the reports which Wedgewood gave out in England. As far as the visit of the representatives of the British Labor Party is concerned, it would be more becoming for the government press to keep still about it.

We ought to keep in mind that no one can close the boundaries of Bulgaria, especially to the representatives of the great political parties in foreign countries. And when such representatives come to Bulgaria it is best to meet them in a humane way becoming to a government which has any respect for itself and not in a savage manner.

Miss Wilkinson is a representative of the British Labor Party in the Parliament of England. Her companion, Miss Phillips, is the secretary of the women's section of the Labor Party. Instead of our representatives cooperating with these visitors and helping them to see what they were interested in here, they kept a gang of detectives literally at their heels.

These representatives of the British Labor Party who had diplomatic passports properly vised, and who went to see Minister Kalfoff as soon as they arrived in Bulgaria, were arrested by detectives in their hotel. No one could come to see them without being shadowed and searched by detectives.

One day a sheriff and two police agents ordered them to leave the country at once. The British Consul and our secretary Neikoff intervened to prevent their brutal expulsion from Bulgaria. They tried to find the persons responsible for our police department and the ministers but no one was available. At last the Minister of War was found in time to save the country from one more disgrace.

Hampered to the limit of endurance by the attitude of the authorities and by the detectives, two of the representatives of the British Labor Party hastened to leave. Doctor Phillips alone remained; she was given an audience by the Prime Minister, to whom she told her unpleasant impressions of the Bulgarian authorities. After that and after she had arranged, with the consent of the Prime Minister, to distribute a certain amount of aid through the Red Cross, she left.

With what impressions did these people go back home, these people who without question are among the most prominent women in England? What will they have to say about Bulgaria, so badly represented by the present Government? What will they say who, although far from our cruelty and wretchedness, came to us with the noble purpose of helping the families which have suffered in the uprisings and in the cathedral outrage?

The Prime Minister at last gave the representatives of the British Labor Party what they sought, but why could not that have been done in the beginning so as not to increase the number of foreigners who cherish a feeling of revulsion toward the present administration? This is important, for the hatred which the Government stirs up against itself will later be attached to Bulgaria.

This is what always happens when a government and its bloody champions lose their poise and sense. But why should poor Bulgaria have to suffer for the folly of its temporary rulers? Is it not high time for these people who continually disgrace the country to resign? And that from purely patriotic motives so as not to have this shame continued?

From *The Radical*, the organ of the Radical Party, September 23:

[1] The date of the bombing of the Sofia Cathedral.

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WE MUST BE FAIR

The Government papers are especially displeased at the conduct of our Socialist Party and at that of the Second International. Last night *The Slovo* contained an altogether improper article addressed to them.

When we deal with parties in foreign countries and with international organizations we must be extremely careful. We must not suppose that they are all obliged to make their decisions conform to our desires and even to cover up our mistakes. No, that will not happen and cannot happen. But by the irritation which we cause them we estrange from us the organizations which otherwise might prove useful.

And that is exactly what the Government newspapers are doing today. In their blind efforts to defend the cabinet of Tsankoff, they go so far as to stir up important social and political factors in foreign countries against Bulgaria. And we see before our eyes the consequences of such conduct: *complete lack of success in every phase of our foreign politics and the utter isolation of Bulgaria.*

This policy is dangerous for Bulgaria. And that is easy to understand. As long as personal and party interests are placed above the welfare of the nation nothing else is to be expected. Last night *The Slovo* did not confine itself to general attacks on the Socialists. It criticized K. Pastouhoff and D. Neikoff personally and accused them of giving false information to Miss Ellen Wilkinson. Pastouhoff and Neikoff will themselves answer this charge, but it appears that the Government papers expected the opposition to join the administration chorus and to deny all that has taken place here, although if they did that they would only compromise themselves, for the people in foreign countries know well enough what has been going on in Bulgaria. This policy on the part of the Government papers to deny everything, even what is most evident, brought Bulgaria into her present situation, from which there is no way out. Mistakes ought not to be denied but corrected. If there are "lies and libels" in certain communications given to the foreign press, as *The Slovo* asserts, they ought to be refuted in a conscientious way, but things that are plain to the whole world ought not to be denied outright.

It must not be forgotten that the Second International is playing and will continue to play an important role in European affairs. The conquered peoples must rely on it to help them escape from the slavery imposed upon them by the peace treaties. Nothing but the democracy of Europe, of which the Second International is a part, will be able to relieve us from our intolerable situation. This is as clear as day, but the administration papers cannot see it, for they do not put the interests of Bulgaria first, but the advantages of their party, the Democratic Concord, and its Government.

From *Svobodna Rech,* one of the three Government papers, the organ of the Finance Minister, September 28:

Our Socialists understand nothing at all about foreign affairs and make a break every time they mention foreign politics. Not long ago they conducted three English women Communists about Sofia in order to distribute money to the Communists, until it was understood, if not by our Socialists, at least by the English women that in a state help cannot be given out by unknown foreigners but by that international institution, the Red Cross.

From the *Democraticheski Sgovor,* the official Government organ, September 25:

HOW THEY DISGRACE BULGARIA

This heading is taken from the Socialist daily, *The Nation,* and exactly fits the Socialists. According to them the Government disgraced Bulgaria by preventing two Bolshevik agents, who had come to Bulgaria to distribute money, from carrying on Bolshevik propaganda, but instead required them to turn their money over to the Red Cross, which was perfectly proper, since they claimed that they had come to do charitable work. What should the Government have done other than that? It acted exactly as every other well-ordered state acts when dealing with the agents of Zinoviev. These agents find freedom of action only in certain countries in Asia and Africa. The Socialists were the ones who disgraced Bulgaria by taking the side of the Bolshevik agents.

Censorship in Bulgaria

FOLLOWING is an account of the sort of censorship of the press exercised in Bulgaria by the Tsankoff Government. The dispatch was sent to *The Nation* from a Bulgarian correspondent also contributing to the London *Daily Herald:*

There are certain things that all the Sofia papers except the *Agrarian Banner* can write about, and other things about which no paper is permitted to write. One of the absolutely forbidden subjects is the matter of the disappearance of persons from the Sofia jails. A glaring example of the way this prohibition works appeared in a recent issue of a publication prepared recently by all the editors in Sofia when no other newspaper was printed. The front page of this common paper carries the picture of George Kostoff, who is described as "a member of the Society of Sofia Journalists." Under this heading there is a two-column description of Kostoff's newspaper activity, in the next to the last paragraph of which we read that "during the whole period of his newspaper work the deceased was on good terms with his colleagues." In other words it is stated in a sort of casual way that Kostoff is dead. That is all that the Society of Sofia Journalists in a common paper of all the editors in Sofia cared or dared to say about the demise of their colleague, although every one in Sofia knows that Kostoff was arrested after the cathedral outrage and that he disappeared from a Government institution while in the hands of the agents of the state. At about the same time in about the same way seven other writers and editors "disappeared," the best known of whom was Joseph Herbst, the cleverest and most prolific newspaper man in Bulgaria.

A Bulgarian Execution

THE diary printed below was published in the popular literary Bulgarian magazine *Hiperion* soon after the Peasant Government had been overthrown by a military coup on June 9, 1925, and after the murder of the Premier, Alexander Stambuliisky and a series of bloody acts of repression. Its author, Ludmill Stoyanoff, one of the ablest of the young Bulgarian novelists, was imprisoned by the military after the appearance of the diary and compelled to issue a statement denying that the story was true.

It is said that in America convicts are killed by electrocution. It would be a pleasant and amazing death.

We are killing men simply—with an ax, like our ancestors. A blow at the back, bones cracked, and the man falls down like a tree cut off. Sometimes the victims are not one but ten, twenty, thirty, fifty. In such a case the task is more difficult, but not impossible: the victims are chained together, and treated as one human mass. It is a bloody bath, a fascinating fight of beasts, a rare spectacle. Thereafter the victims are thrown into some hole for the dogs.

But why this way of killing men; strange, is it not? It is because shooting is forbidden.

Otherwise we should shoot them. We are in a conquered country and keep within the rules of the king's peace. No gun shot. We do not wish to disturb the peaceful population. Yet

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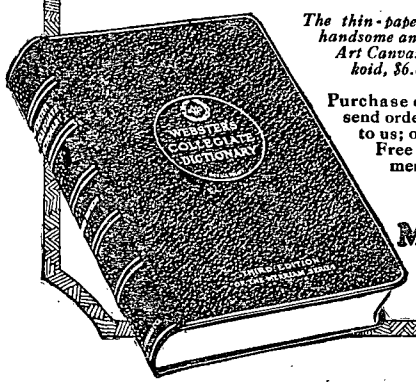

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there is no peaceful population. They have fled or have been exterminated. Towns have been destroyed and burned, their inhabitants are wandering in the mountains, dying of hunger.

Both the captain and I have drunk. He drinks, however, as an old habit. He is a small man with full, round face, swarthy and hardened, with shaved mustaches and large ears. His god is his military uniform, and his church the military barracks. And he is executing the orders of his superiors with a superstitious veneration. Even dogs possess no faithfulness like his. He looks like one of the numberless heads of the monster which, according to the story, devoured the handsomest children of the city. He has jurisdiction over a number of villages, which he is bound to depopulate. That human mission he is performing with dignity and firmness. Even he has never held a cup of whiskey with such firmness.

People come and make divers requests. An old man begs the return of three stolen goats of his. A little girl asks what has happened to her father. An old woman asks permission to take and bury in the common cemetery the heads of her two sons that have been rolled—she says—down behind the mount.

Setting my teeth I get up and go out; though dulled by the whiskey, I am vaguely conscious of the presence of an unspoken horror. This is neither war nor revolution, I think. Some kind of cruel and nonsensical bloodthirstiness, a rare feast of Mars.

Outside our headquarters soldiers are approaching. They are escorting six peasants among whom is the schoolmaster of the neighboring village in whose house I recently spent a night as a guest. My duty is to examine them. The forms of law must be preserved.

I take the prisoners into a separate room and start the examination. They are innocent men as always. One of them was arrested on his return from the funeral of his child. The other was irrigating his garden. The third, fertilizing his field. The schoolmaster does not know why he is imprisoned. I myself know not why I am here, how I have fallen into this veritable hell, and whether or not this is a mere dream. I report to the captain the result of the examination.

"Innocent men," I say, "entirely innocent. Free them, sir, to go about their business."

The captain drinks one more cup of whiskey and bursts into laughter.

"Ha! Ha! Innocent men; that means—guilty. In the decree it is said: no innocent men—do you understand?"

I hand the officer the papers in which is described how the arrests have been made. The man in military uniform goes over the papers with irritation, takes a pen with his hand trembling from drinking whiskey, and writes: "According to decree No. 17, as spies."

"No!" I cry in horror.

"Adjutant!" cries the captain.

A young officer just graduated from the military school comes in. He salutes the captain, takes the papers in silence, says the customary words "I will do it," and goes out. Then the captain drinks a few more cups of whiskey, and in his eyes is reflected cruelty and national dignity.

It is my duty to hear the last words of the victims. A company of soldiers escorts them along the road and stops at the right side in a narrow valley. It is autumn. The grass has turned yellow.

Here has been dug a long, deep hole. The six victims are chained to one another—a live wall, a fence of souls. Their faces are lean and weak. They are bloodless. They know what is going to happen, they know that their doom will not be prevented. They stand upright near the hole, near their very grave, and once more I have to tell them with trembling voice:

"If any of you confess the truth, he will be pardoned."

As I speak this lie I don't dare face them, and I look at the ground. Then the schoolmaster answers me in a low voice:

"Sir, why do you joke now!"

I look at him attentively. His eyebrows are trembling, his lips are cracked. In his eyes a look appears, as if he wishes to tell me: Sir, do you remember that evening you spent a night in my home? Do you remember the dinner served you and me by my modest and hospitable wife in my garden that evening? Do you remember my child with blond hair and bright face who called you "uncle"?

"Come, there is no time to lose," hoarsely cries the captain.

A sergeant binds the eyes of the victims. Their teeth chatter, and their bodies tremble. After a while all are turned with their faces toward the hole.

One hears the command.

I cover my eyes with my hands and turn aside. I hear a common, choking cry, afterward dull noises of stabbed flesh and broken cartilage, ringing of iron into bone, a little fight, and—calm. . . . What happened so quickly?

I turn and open my eyes. The faces of the soldiers and captain are alarmed. Still alive, the victims have jumped into the hole with the hope, perhaps, that the torturers will not shoot them, or simply by instinct. Yet the hole is deep, and at its bottom is lying that human mass sunk in blood and roaring. It is impossible to look at that scene again. On the faces of the soldiers dissatisfaction is obvious. They are disgusted with the unhuman business they are transacting. But Mars is a sly dog; he stakes their own lives upon their obedience.

A short conference starts. It could be so easy: a few bullets and the problem would be solved. But . . . Shooting is forbidden, that's all.

Then one of the soldiers is ordered to jump into the hole. One hears dull blows—one, two, three; the bayonet rings on a stone; at last the soldier, filled with a superstitious fear, climbs out. His bayonet is broken, in his eyes is a wild fire, from his face water showers. The hard job in the narrow hole has weakened him, and he is trembling like a leaf. But from the bottom of the hole new sounds are heard—hoarse, dull, human voices which sound like voices coming from hell.

A second soldier enters the hole. The others stand as if hypnotized, shuddering at the unusual duty demanded of them. The captain himself has lost patience by the prolonged execution. He walks forward and back; at last he bends over the hole and asks:

"Do you finish?"

At this question the soldier gets out, stained with blood, from which he makes an effort to clean himself with convulsive and painful motions. His bayonet is also bent; human life proves to be stronger than iron. The convulsive cries of the victims becomes fainter, only agonizing groans are heard, that little by little disappear. Nevertheless time is rapidly passing; there must be an end of this unpleasant business; the soldiers also have nerves.

"There is no time to lose," cries out the captain. "Throw the dirt into the hole! . . ."

Yet after the throwing of the first shovelful something terrible occurs. I shudder. From the bottom of that hell, we hear a desperate, hoarse, and ugly sound, the voice of the schoolmaster.

"For God's sake! I am still alive!"

I lean over the edge of the pit. Half-standing, with terrible eyes and hands stained with blood, he makes an effort to get out. In his eyes are suffering and both a desire for and a fear of death. I remember him a good gentleman in his house. His wife pours a cup of coffee, and his child stretches out his hands and calls me "uncle." What fate! I unconsciously draw out my gun and point it at him—the only help I can render him.

A strong hand detains me, and I drop the weapon. The captain, wrathful and drunken, stands behind me and cries with trembling voice:

"No more torture! Fill up the hole quickly!"

Afterward all is calm. The hole is filled, the soldiers are ready to march, and soon the night swallows the murderers and their victims.

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